

AIR FIGHTERS COMICS

MARCH

AIR BOY

AND HIS
BIRD PLANE
DEFY

DEATH!

**NEW
WAR
PLANES
IN
ACTION!**

**WITH
YOUR
FAVORITES**

**IRON ACE
SKY WOLF**

**FLYING
DUTCHMAN
AND
SKINNY MCGINTY**

10¢



AIRBOY



AIRBOY INSIDE GERMANY!

WITHIN THE HEART OF
HITLER'S HOMELAND MOVES
AIRBOY, WITH THE
VENGEANCE OF TEN MILLION
SOULS BEHIND HIM.
HIS LIGHTNING-LIKE TRAIL
SWEEPS THROUGH THE NAZI
RANKS AND DOWN INTO
BERLIN-BLASTING, SLASHING,
SPITTING FAST DEATH ON THE
HEADS OF NAZI MONSTERS.
HITLER THREW THE WORLD
INTO A MAELSTROM OF
MURDER, AND NOW AMERICA'S
YOUNG FLYING GENIUS
PAMPERS NO CONSCIENCE AS
HE DEALS OUT DEATH ACCORDING
TO WAR'S BLOODY SLOGAN-
KILL OR BE KILLED!!

OUTSIDE OF BERLIN--THE SECOND
WORLD WAR, 1942--AS MANY
MILLIONS OF MEN ALL OVER
THE WORLD SYSTEMATICALLY
BUTCHER EACH OTHER, ONE
LONE FIGURE SKIRTS THE EDGE
OF A NAZI MANUFACTURING
PLANT...



ALMOST THERE..
WITH A LITTLE
LUCK NOW
BOY..



THIS FENCE IS
CHARGED WITH ENOUGH
CURRENT TO LIGHT
LONDON.. HERE
WE GO!



HOLY HANNAH--
THE BLIGHTERS
HAVE GOT IT HERE
ALRIGHT!



SUDDENLY...

VOT ISS
DOT ON DER
VOODPILE?

SPY!!

FLY--FLY BACK
TO LONDON! THEY
CAN'T STOP US
NOW!



LOOK
OUT!!

ONE SIDE,
YOU NAZI
DOGS!



GET
HIM!!

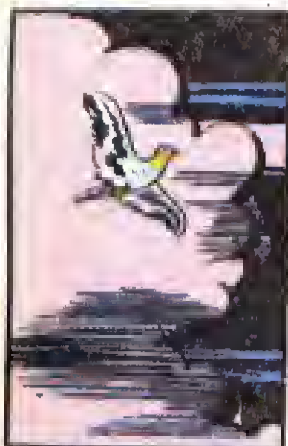
I'VE GOT TO
MAKE IT--GOT
TO!



AGH!

ZING
ZING

THROUGH THE AIR WINGS THE BIRD, MESSENGER OF MAN.



...AND HOURS LATER...

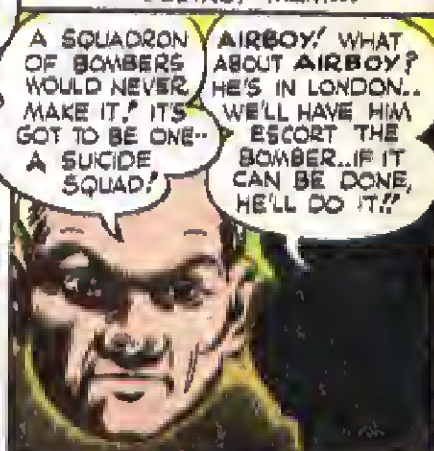


GREAT HEAVENS! THE NEW GERMAN EXPLOSIVE-- IT..IT'S BEING MADE OUTSIDE OF BERLIN!

SHORTLY, OFFICIALS PREPARE PLANS TO DESTROY WHAT WOULD SOON DESTROY THEM...

A SQUADRON OF BOMBERS WOULD NEVER MAKE IT! IT'S GOT TO BE ONE-- A SUICIDE SQUAD!

AIRBOY! WHAT ABOUT AIRBOY? HE'S IN LONDON.. WE'LL HAVE HIM ESCORT THE BOMBER..IF IT CAN BE DONE, HE'LL DO IT!!



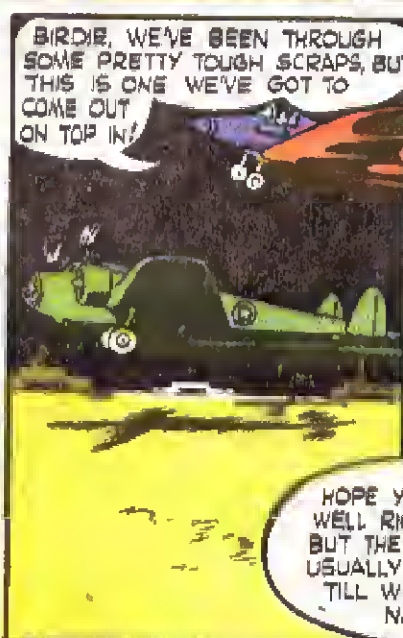
LATER AT A BRITISH AIRFIELD...

WELL, FELLERS, I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY ACCOMPANYING YOU! HEADQUARTERS SEEMS TO THINK I CAN HELP YOU!

MIND? YOU'RE A BLASTED GOOD RASCAL TO HAVE WITH US!

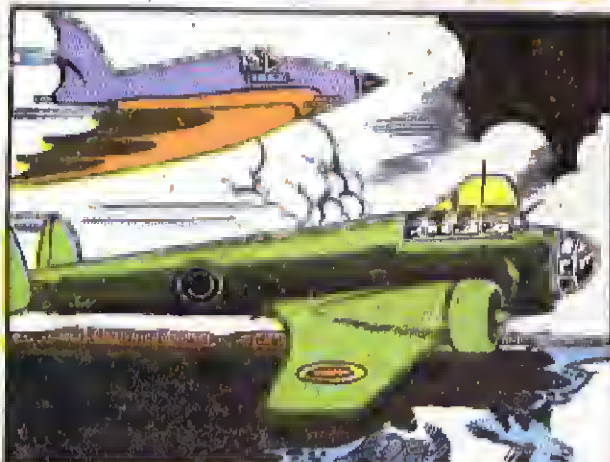
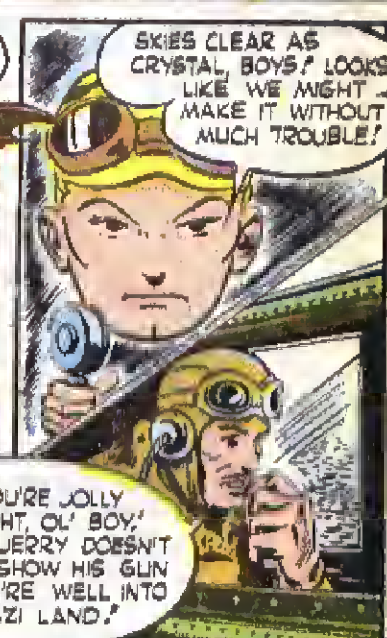


BIRDIE, WE'VE BEEN THROUGH SOME PRETTY TOUGH SCRAPS, BUT THIS IS ONE WE'VE GOT TO COME OUT ON TOP IN!



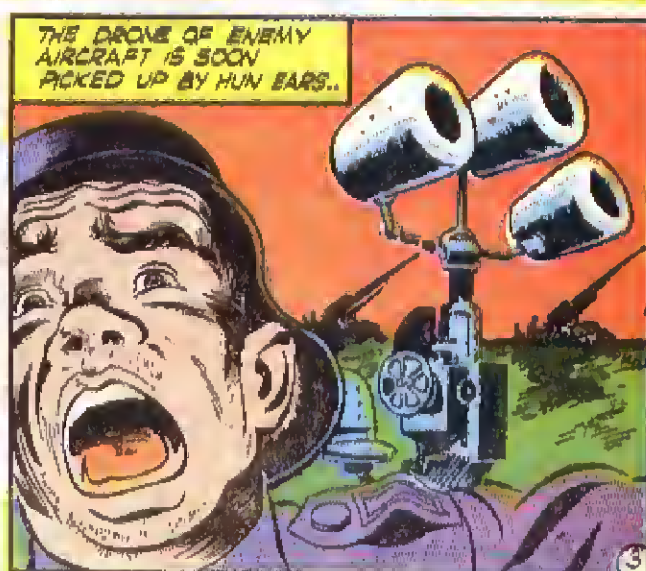
SKIES CLEAR AS CRYSTAL, BOYS? LOOKS LIKE WE MIGHT MAKE IT WITHOUT MUCH TROUBLE!

HOPE YOU'RE JOLLY WELL RIGHT, OL' BOY! BUT THE JERRY DOESN'T USUALLY SHOW HIS GUN TILL WE'RE WELL INTO NAZI LAND!



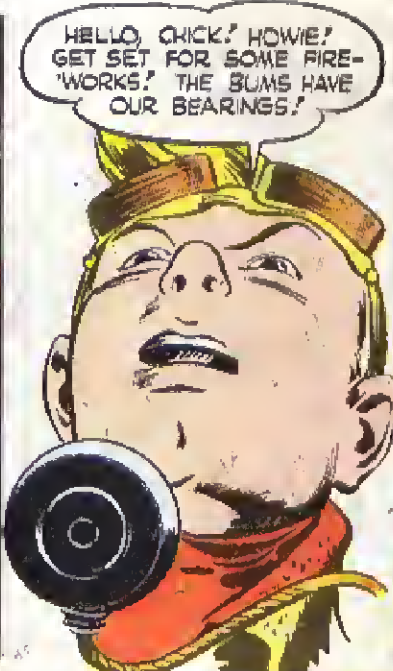
ON INTO THE NIGHT SPEED THE TWO CRAFTS OF MERCY- MERCY BECAUSE DEMOLISHING GERMANY'S NEW HIGH EXPLOSIVE WILL SAVE THOUSANDS -YES THOUSANDS OF LIVES!

THE DROVE OF ENEMY AIRCRAFT IS SOON PICKED UP BY HUN EARS..





THEY'VE
SOUNDED
US OUT!



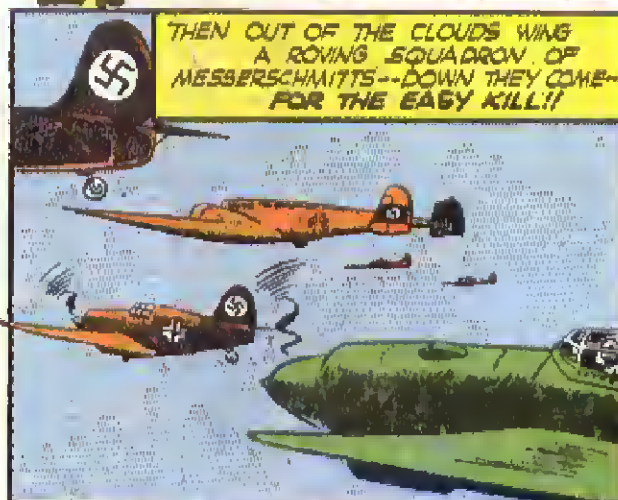
HELLO, CHICK! HOWIE?
GET SET FOR SOME FIRE-
'WORKS! THE BUMS HAVE
OUR BEARINGS!



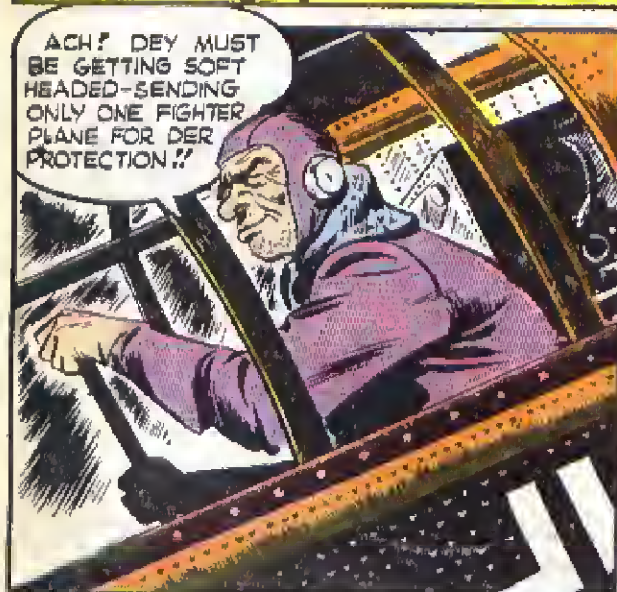
RIGHTO, AIRBOY,
THE GUNNERS
ARE WAITING!

BLOOMING
LOT OF
LIGHTS THEY
HAVE ON US!

WITHIN SECONDS, ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS PEPPER
THE AIR DANGEROUSLY CLOSE...



THEN OUT OF THE CLOUDS WING
A ROVING SQUADRON OF
MESSERSCHMITTS--DOWN THEY COME--
FOR THE EASY KILL!!

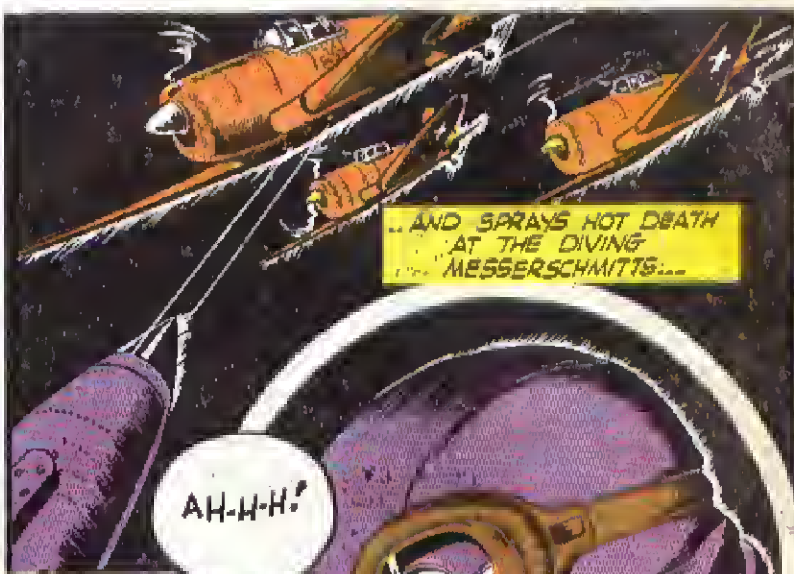
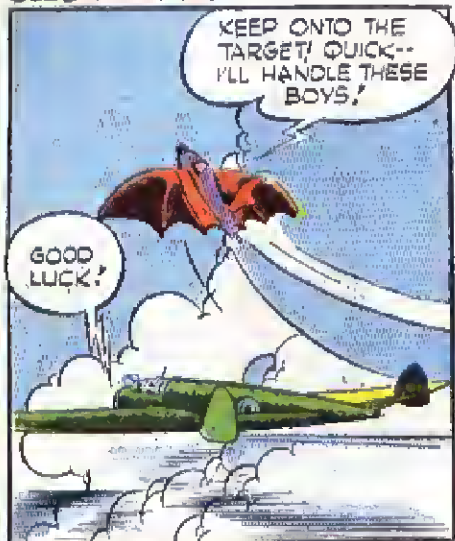


ACH! DEY MUST
BE GETTING SOFT
HEADED--SENDING
ONLY ONE FIGHTER
PLANE FOR DER
PROTECTION!!



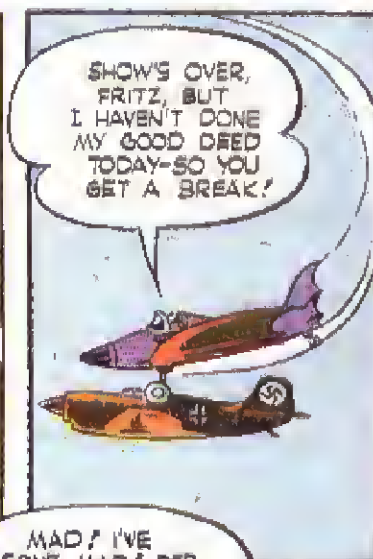
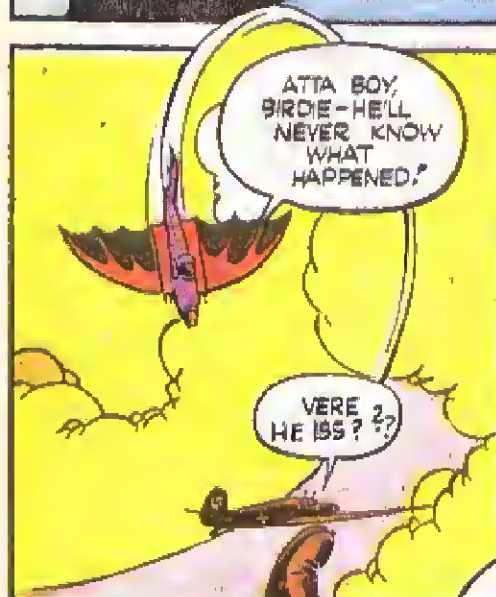
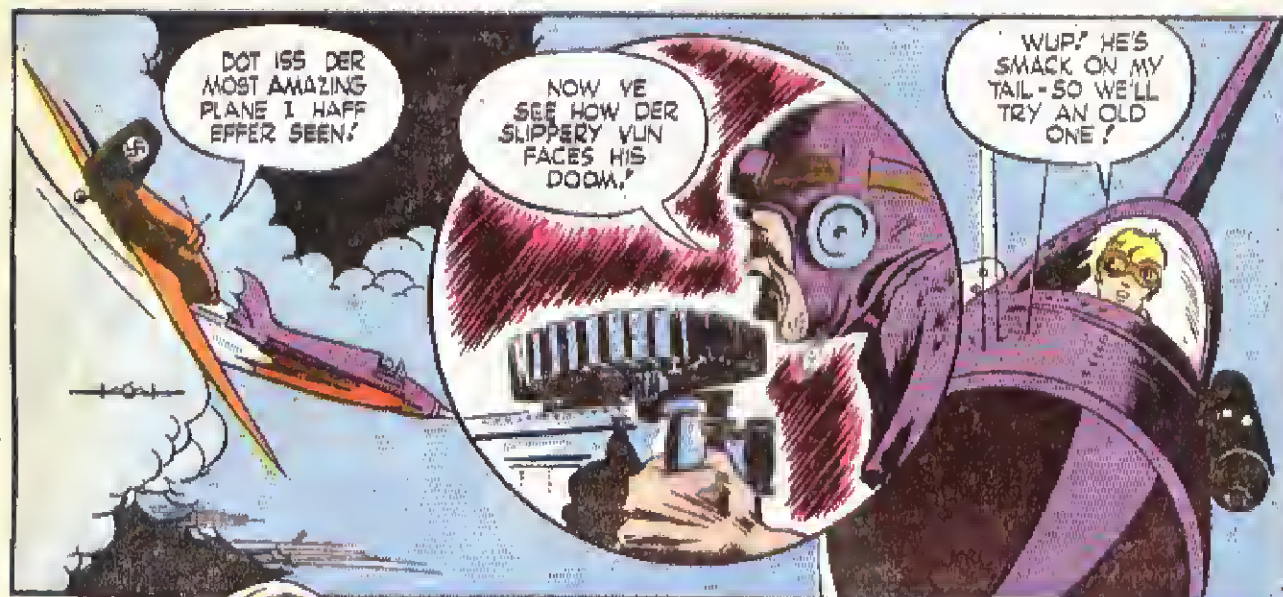
AIRBOY LOOKS UP...GRITS HIS TEETH AND
KEEPS HIS COURSE--THIS CALLS FOR PRECISE PLANNING.

SUDDENLY AIRBOY ZOOMS UPWARD...

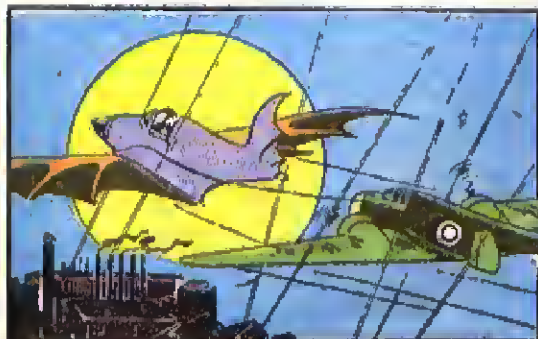


SURPRISE, ALARM, AND THEN GRIM TERROR GRIPS HITLER'S AIRMEN AS THE HELPLESS-APPEARING BIRDIE, LIKE AN AVENGING ANGEL GONE MAD, WHIPS THROUGH THE SQUADRON-DEATH'S WILD CRY OF MIRTH ECHOES ACROSS THE HEAVENS AS FIERCE FLAMES CONSUME HUMAN FLESH AND BULLETS MAKE THEIR MARK OF HORROR...

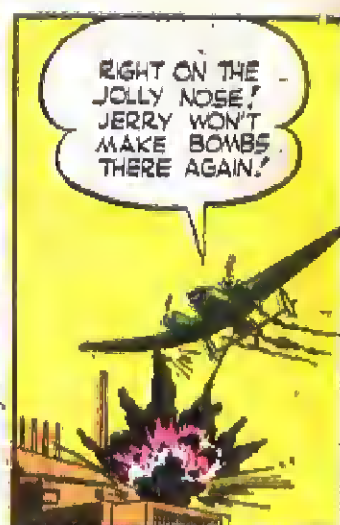




SECONDS LATER, THE VAST EXPLOSIVE PLANT COMES INTO VIEW-- THROUGH A HEAVY CURTAIN OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE PLUNGE THE TWO PLANES...



THEN...



RIGHT ON THE JOLLY NOSE! JERRY WON'T MAKE BOMBS THERE AGAIN!

BUT AT THIS MOMENT, A SHELL FRAGMENT RIPS THROUGH ONE OF THE MOTORS AND SETS THE OIL AFIRE... THE BOMBER HURTLES EARTHWARD...



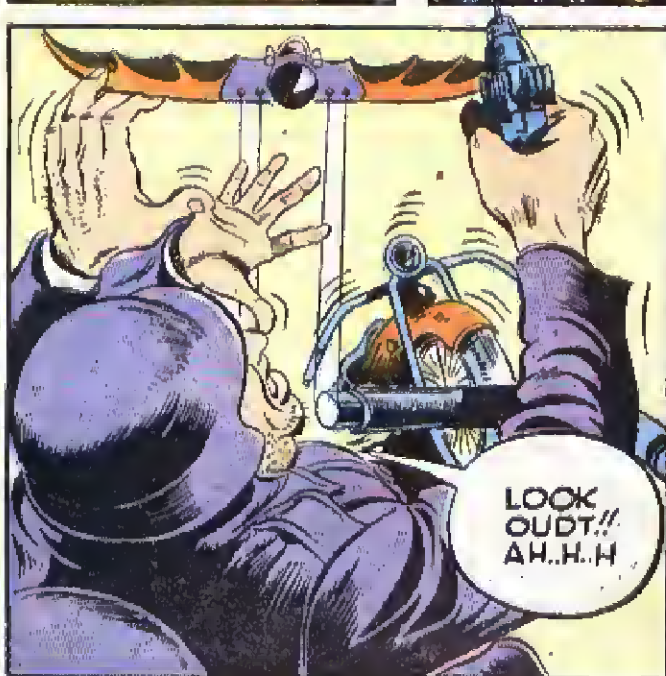
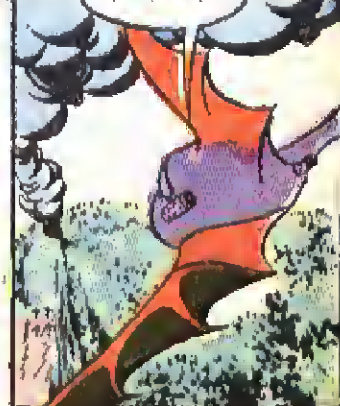
NAZI GUARDS DASH IN PURSUIT...



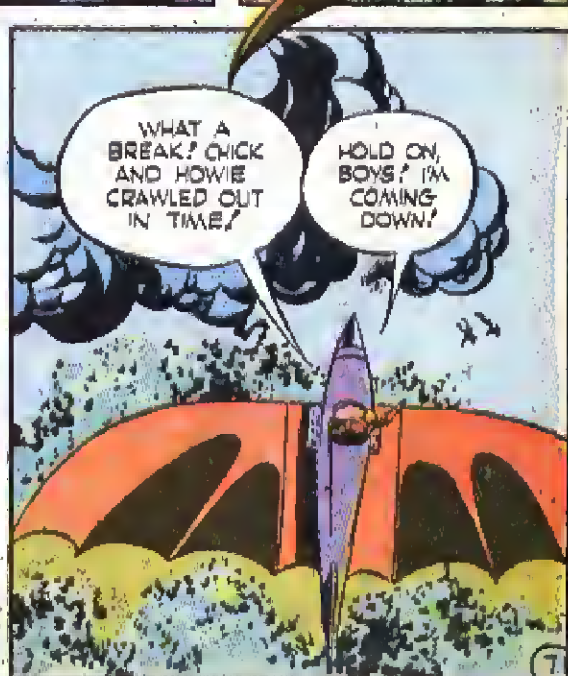
HOW DID DEY EFFER FIND DER NEW PLANT SO QUICKLY?

SOMEVUN ISS DER TRAITOR! IF VE CATCH DEM ALIVE, VE FIND OUT WHO!

IT'S A THOUSAND TO ONE CHANCE OF THEM GETTING OUT ALIVE - BUT I'LL MAKE SURE THE NAZIS WON'T GRAB 'EM ANYWAY!



LOOK OUT!! AH..H..H



WHAT A BREAK! CHICK AND HOWIE CRAWLED OUT IN TIME!

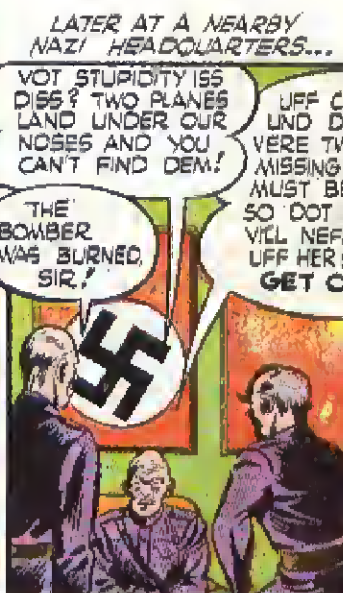
HOLD ON, BOYS! I'M COMING DOWN!



...REST OF THE CREW'S DONE FOR, AIRBOY! BURNED TO A CINDER!

TH..THEY DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!

G..GOSH, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY! THE NAZIS WILL BE HERE ANY SECOND!

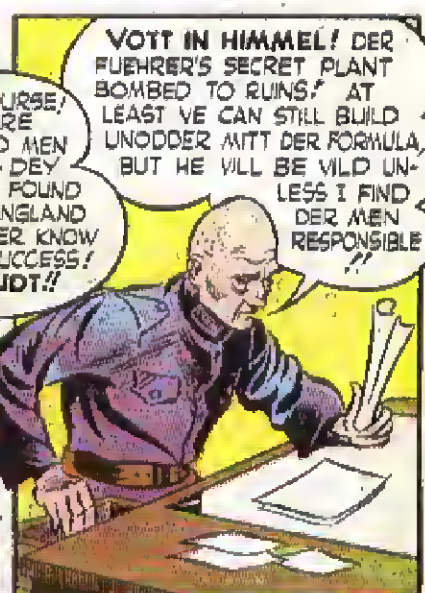


LATER AT A NEARBY NAZI HEADQUARTERS...

VOT STUPIDITY ISS DISS? TWO PLANES LAND UNDER OUR NOSES AND YOU CAN'T FIND DEM!

THE BOMBER WAS BURNED, SIR!

UFF COURSE! UND DERE WERE TWO MEN MISSING-- DEY MUST BE FOUND SO DOT ENGLAND VILL NEFFER KNOW UFF HER SUCCESS! GET OUT!!

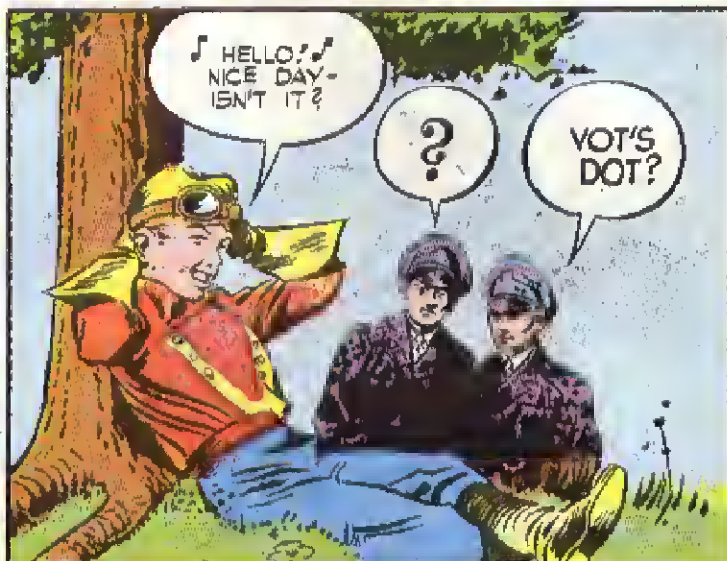


VOTT IN HIMMEL! DER FUEHRER'S SECRET PLANT BOMBED TO RUINS! AT LEAST VE CAN STILL BUILD UNODDER MITT DER FORMULA, BUT HE VILL BE VILD UNLESS I FIND DER MEN RESPONSIBLE !!



DOT ISS VERY STRANGE INDEED-- VE SAW DER LITTLE PLANE GO INTO DER WOODS, BUT VEN VE GET DERE, NODDING!

YAS--OUR FLIERS TELL ME DER CRAFT DID SOME AMAZING STUNTS! MAYBE IT ISS A NEW BRITISH TRICK!



HELLO! NICE DAY-- ISN'T IT?

?

VOT'S DOT?



SORRY CAPTAIN, BUT WE'VE GOT AN URGE TO WEAR NAZI UNIFORMS!



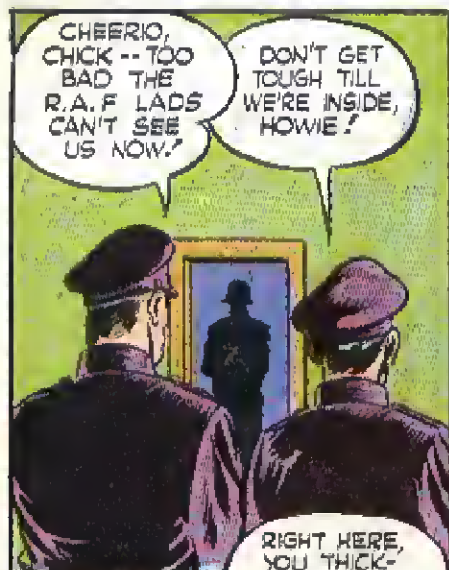
WITH THAT BLOCK-HEAD OF YOURS, YOU SHOULD BE A GOOD NAZI, HOWIE!

I'LL BE WAITING-- GOOD LUCK!

AW!



THIS IS EITHER GOING TO BE CLEVER ENOUGH FOR A MEDAL--OR DUMB ENOUGH FOR A FIRING-SQUAD!



CHEERIO,
CHICK -- TOO
BAD THE
R.A.F LADS
CAN'T SEE
US NOW.

DON'T GET
TOUGH TILL
WE'RE INSIDE,
HOWIE!

RIGHT HERE,
YOU THICK-
SKULLED
BARBARIAN!



MAJOR
VON BUTZEL,
DER KAPITAN
TO SEE
YOU!

VE SEE
DER MAJOR
AT VUNCE!
VE HAFF
NEWS OF DER
MEN!



VELL--DON'T
STAND STARING!
VOT ISS DER
NEWS? VERE
ARE DEY?

YES,
MAJOR, VE
SHOW YOU
AT VUNCE!



MAJOR,
YOU ARE
VANTED
AT...?

TOO LATE!
MAKE FOR THE
WINDOW!



LOOK ABOUT
WITH A
HURRY, HOWIE-
THEY'LL BE
ON OUR NECKS
SHORTLY!

MAYBE THE
FORMULA
ISN'T EVEN
HERE!



I'VE
GOT
IT!



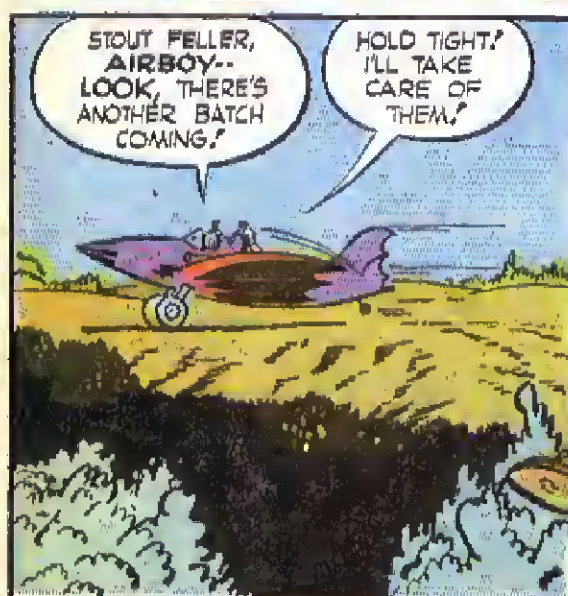
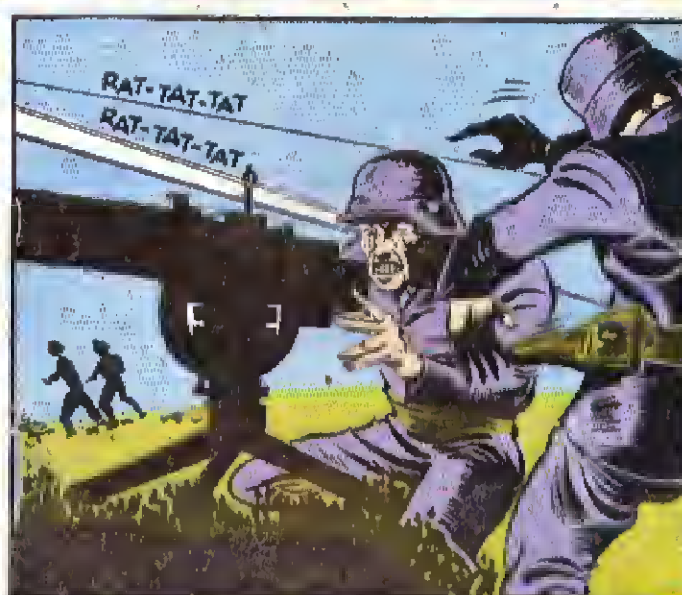
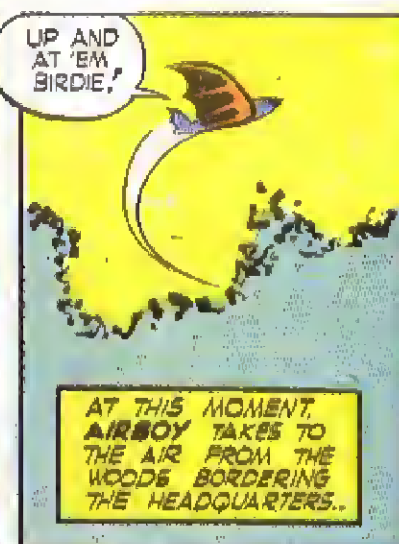
DER
MAJOR'S
BUSY!

SPIES!!
SHOOT DEM
QUICK, GUARD!!



BANG
BANG

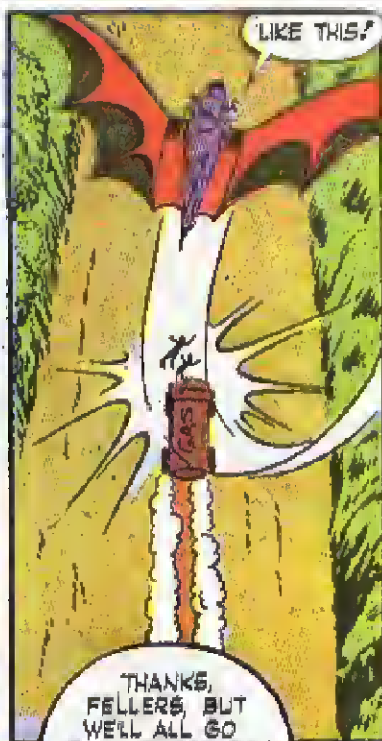
LET'S
GO!!





JUMPIN' CATS!! A GASOLINE TRUCK AND BIRDIE'S NEARLY EMPTY!

HOW'RE YOU GOING TO GET IT, AIRBOY?



LIKE THIS!

NOW WE'VE PLENTY OF GAS TO REACH ENGLAND WITH!

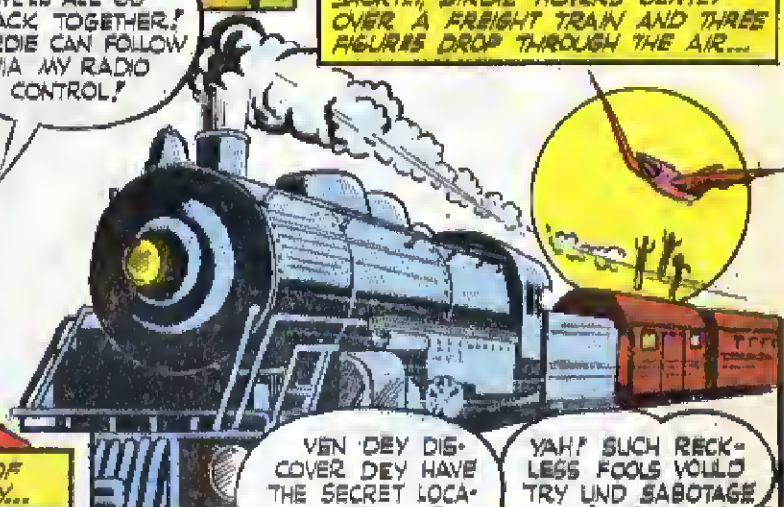
WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT WITH HOWIE AND I HANGING ON THE WING- YOU GO BACK ALONE AND WE'LL ROUGH IT HOME!



SHORTLY, BIRDIE HOVERS GENTLY OVER A FREIGHT TRAIN AND THREE FIGURES DROP THROUGH THE AIR...



THANKS, FELLERS, BUT WE'LL ALL GO BACK TOGETHER! BIRDIE CAN FOLLOW VIA MY RADIO CONTROL!



INSIDE AN EMPTY CAR, THREE FOES OF HITLER MAKE A STARTLING DISCOVERY...



WELL, I'LL BE--PLANS FOR AN INCENDIARY BOMB PLANT ON THE FRENCH COAST! WE TOOK IT ALONG WITH THE EXPLOSIVE FORMULA!

SAY--Y-- I WONDER IF WE'VE ALL GOT THE SAME IDEA?

LATER IN GERMANY.



VON DEY DISCOVER DEY HAVE THE SECRET LOCATION OFF OUR FRENCH COAST FACTORY, DEY MAY HELP US!

YAH! SUCH RECKLESS FOOLS WOULD TRY UND SABOTAGE IT! VE GET A PLANE SO YOU FLY DERE, MAJOR, VON BLITZEL!



I SHALL BE WAITING
HERE FOR DER SVINE!
NO VORD UFF DIS
MUST LEAK OUT!
HITLER MUST NOT
KNOW!

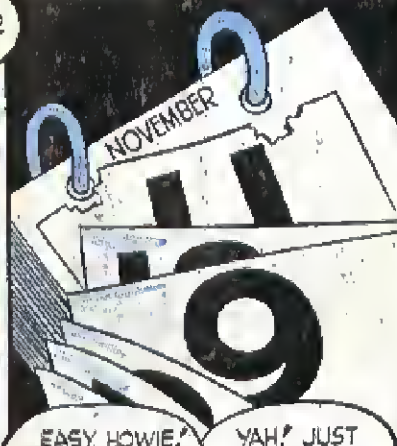
YAH,
MAJOR!



YOU VILL
SURROUND DER
PLANT MITT
GUARDS-- DESE
MEN MUST BE
TAKEN ALIVE!

DEY
VILL NEFFER
SLIP IN!

THE DAYS ROLL BY....



EASY, HOWIE!
NO POINT IN
TACKLING A
MAN WITH
A GUN!

YAH! JUST
KEEP STILL
TILL DER
SOLDIERS
GET HERE!



ACH!! IT'S
DEM!! TWO
MEN UND A
BOY! YAH, YAH,
I STOP DEM,
HURRY!

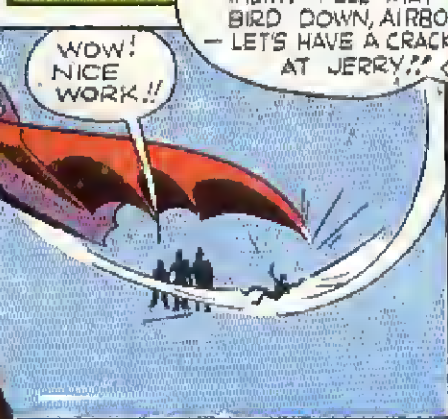


WHERE'D YOU
POP FROM,
YOU BLASTED
SNAKE?

?



DO YOUR
STUFF,
BIRDIE!



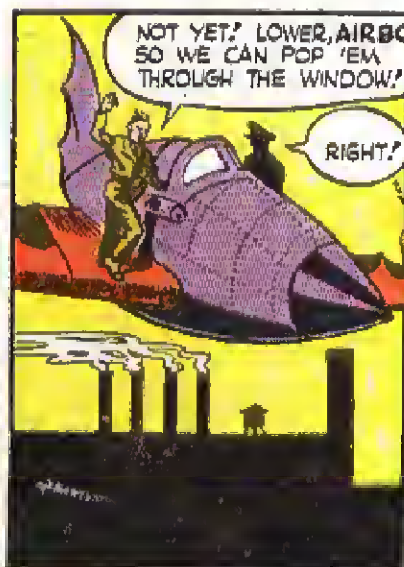
WOW!
NICE
WORK!!

GRENADES!
HE HAD A
WHOLE BAG OF
THEM! PULL THAT
BIRD DOWN, AIRBOY
-- LET'S HAVE A CRACK
AT JERRY!!





HIGH OVER THE NEARBY PLANT, AIRBOY WINGS THE HEAVILY-LADEN BIRDIE ...



NOT YET? LOWER, AIRBOY! SO WE CAN POP 'EM THROUGH THE WINDOW!

RIGHT!



HERE WE GO, LADS!

PIGS!! SVINE!! SOMEVUN DO SOMETHING QUICK! LOOK! DEY ARE GOING OVER DER CHANNEL!



OH, OH, MORE TROUBLE!

NOT ON YOUR LIFE! THOSE ARE SPITFIRES! YOWIE!!



WHAT A LIFE-- AN ESCORT RIGHT HOME!



WILL I BE GLAD TO SEE ENGLAND!

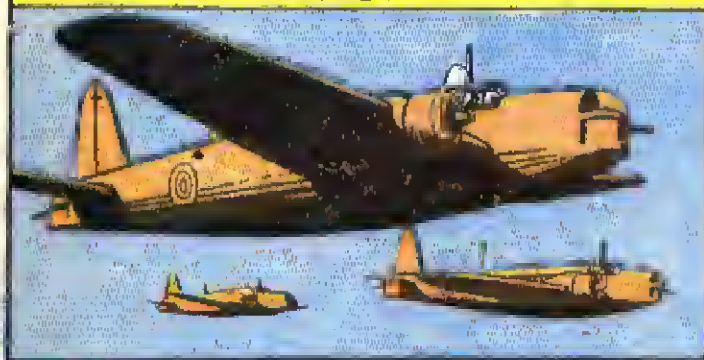
FLY WITH AIRBOY INTO THE STRANGEST ADVENTURE OF HIS CAREER--IN NEXT MONTH'S AIR FIGHTERS!!



THE

SO FAR, NOTHING THE NAZIS CAN DO HAS STOPPED THE IRON ACE-BUT THE HUNS WILL NEVER STOP TRYING-THIS IS A RECORD OF THEIR LATEST EFFORT...

DAYBREAK FINDS BRITISH BOMBERS ROARING DEEP INTO NAZI TERRITORY....



OUR TARGET! NAZI SYNTHETIC RUBBER WORKS...FORMATION!





TALLY-HO, BOYS!
MAKE EVERY ONE
COUNT!

THOSE INSIDE THE RUBBER PLANT ARE UNAWARE OF
THE BRITISH PLANES.....

JA! IT'S A GREAT DAY FOR
YOU, HERR RIKTOR! TODAY
YOU BECOME HEAD
OF THE FACTORY!

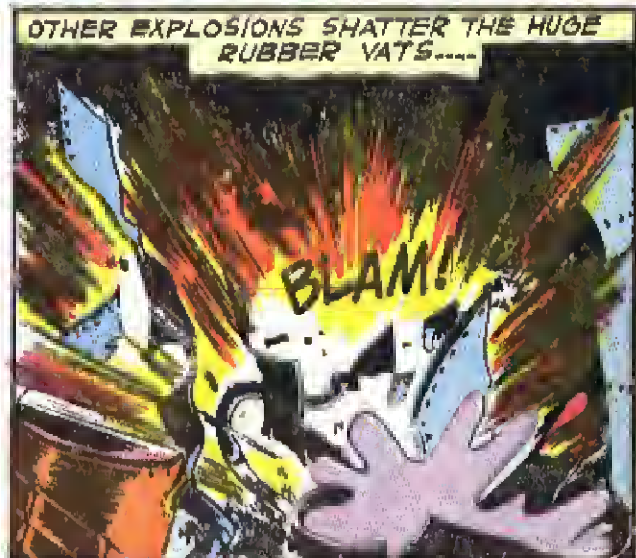
JA! UND NOW VE
VILL OPERATE AT
TOP SPEED. THE
FUEHRER VILL
SURELY DECORATE
ME FOR....



SUDDENLY....

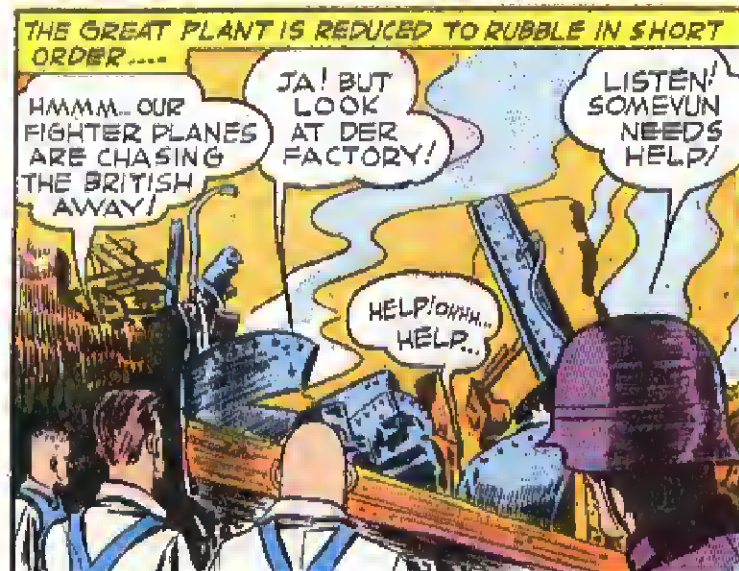
HIMMEL!
VAS IST?

A
BRITISH
RAID-
QUICK! TO
DER
SHELTER!



OTHER EXPLOSIONS SHATTER THE HUGE
RUBBER VATS....

BLAM!



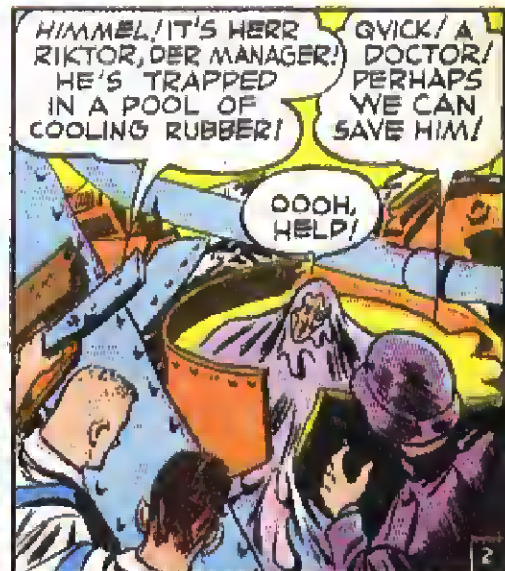
THE GREAT PLANT IS REDUCED TO RUBBLE IN SHORT
ORDER....

HMMM... OUR
FIGHTER PLANES
ARE CHASING
THE BRITISH
AWAY!

JA! BUT
LOOK
AT DER
FACTORY!

LISTEN!
SOMEVUN
NEEDS
HELP!

HELP! OHHH...
HELP...



HIMMEL! IT'S HERR
RIKTOR, DER MANAGER!
HE'S TRAPPED
IN A POOL OF
COOLING RUBBER!

QVICK! A
DOCTOR!
PERHAPS
WE CAN
SAVE HIM!

OOOH,
HELP!



THERE HE IS,
HERR DOKTOR!

HIMMEL! HE
IS SUBMERGED
IN RUBBER!

"HMMM, HIS SKIN HAS
BEEN BURNED AWAY...
HIS WHOLE BODY IS
ENCASED IN RUBBER...
HE CANNOT
LIVE!"

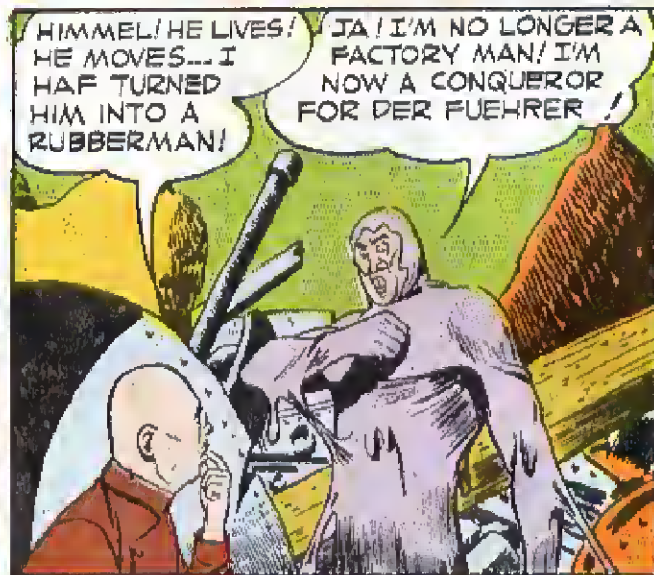


BUT I AM LIVING! I MUST
LIVE... TO AVENGE THIS!
I MUST!

WHAT? HE
GAINS STRENGTH
EVERY MINUTE...
PERHAPS...



FIRST, I SHALL FREE YOU FROM THIS
MASS, UND DEN PERHAPS THE LAYER OF
RUBBER VILL TAKE THE PLACE OF THE
MISSING SKIN!



HIMMEL! HE LIVES!
HE MOVES... I
HAF TURNED
HIM INTO A
RUBBERMAN!

JA! I'M NO LONGER A
FACTORY MAN! I'M
NOW A CONQUEROR
FOR DER FUEHRER!

DAYS LATER AT AN R.A.F. AIRDROME IN
ENGLAND---

AND THESE REWARDS ARE PRESENTED
BY HIS MAJESTY TO HIS BOMBING SQUADRON
FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF ENEMY
PLANTS!

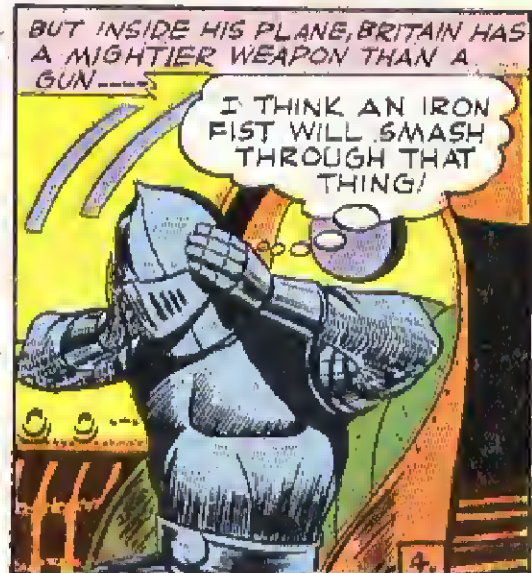
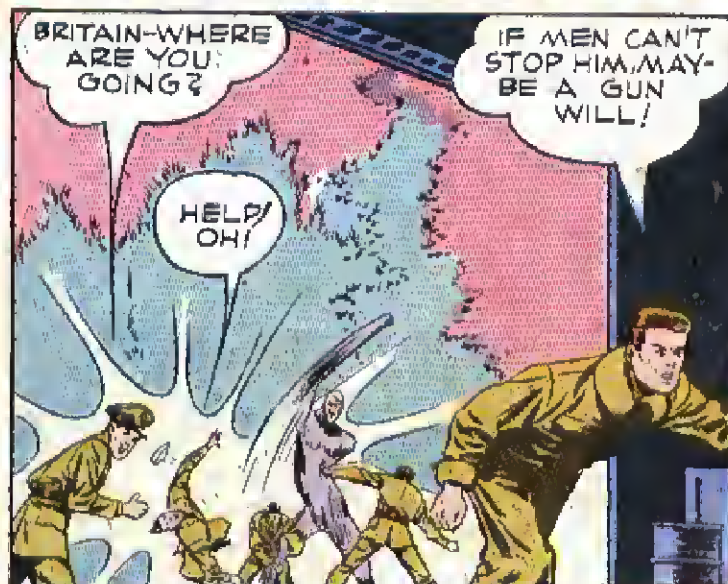
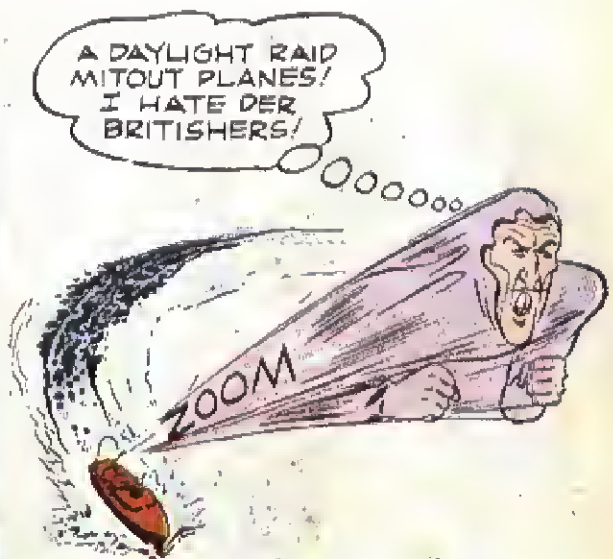
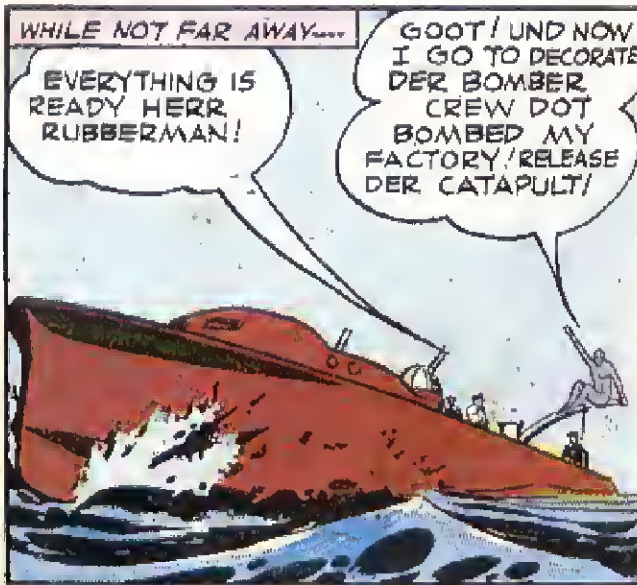


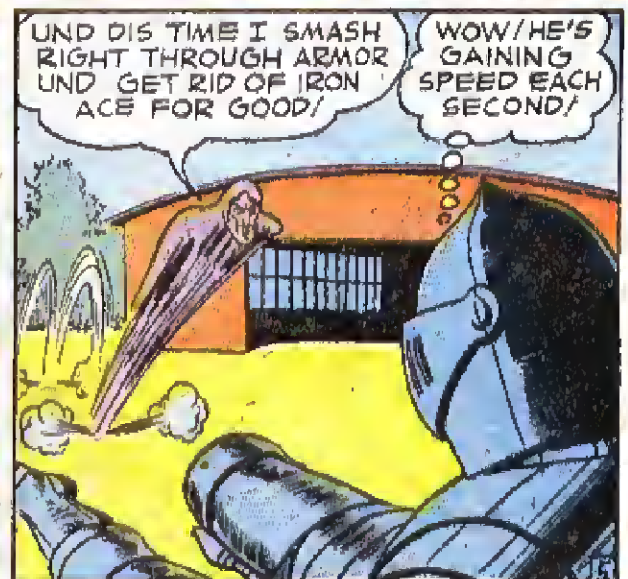
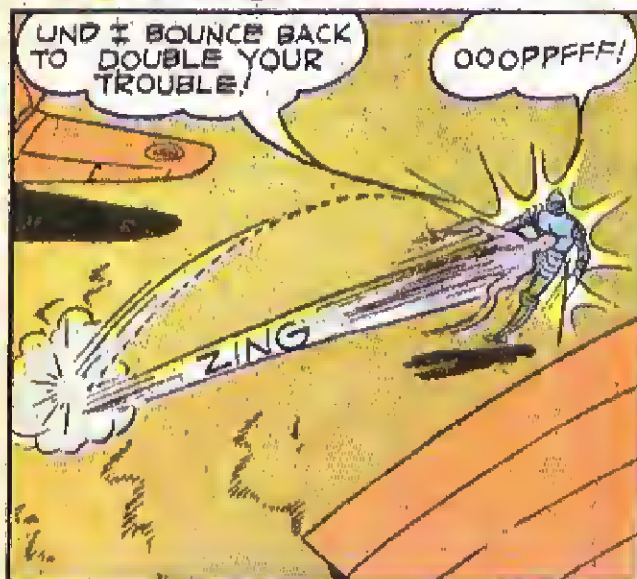
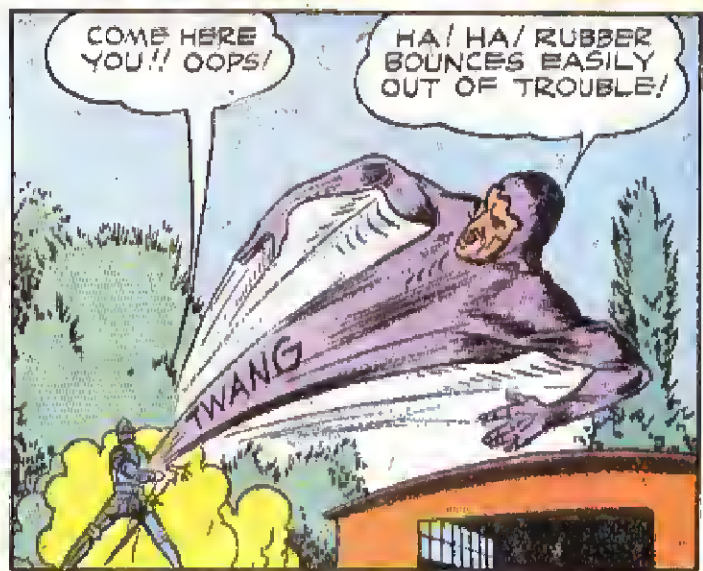
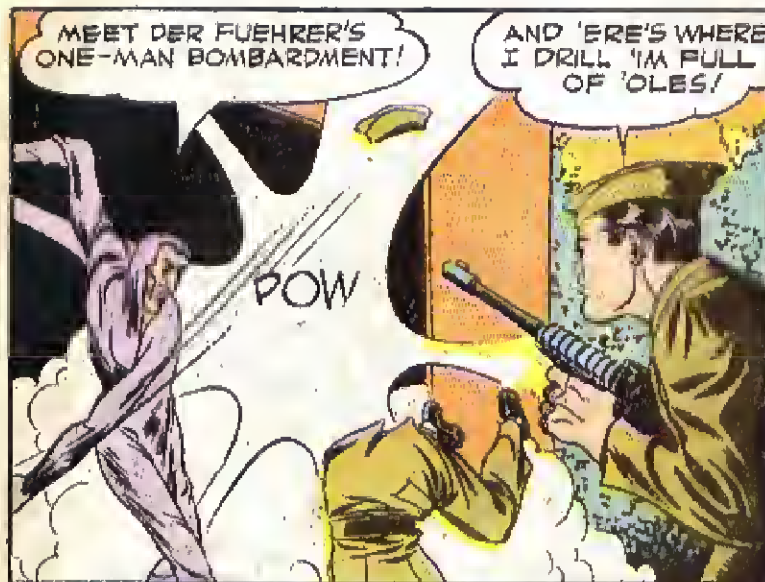
CAPTAIN BRITAIN IS AMONG THE
SPECTATORS----

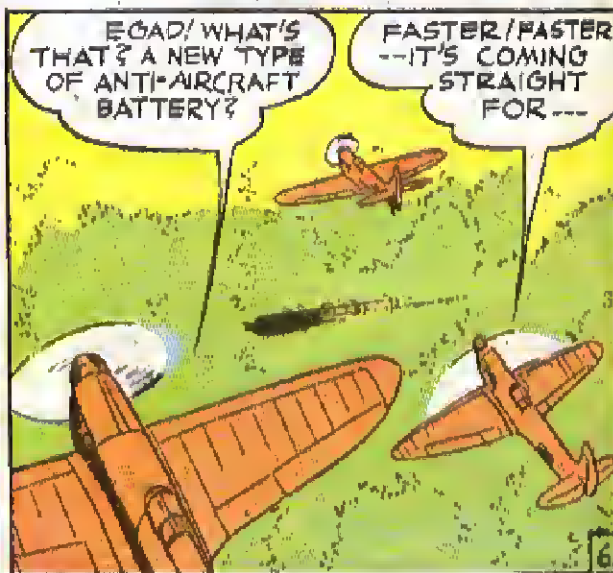
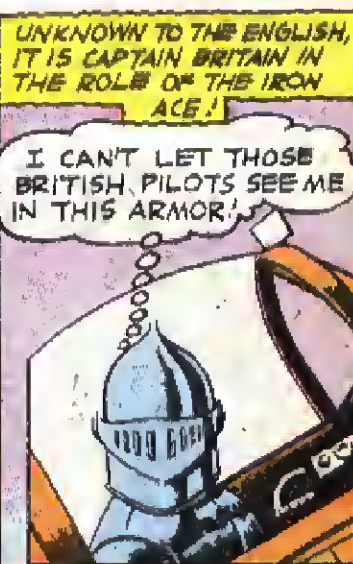
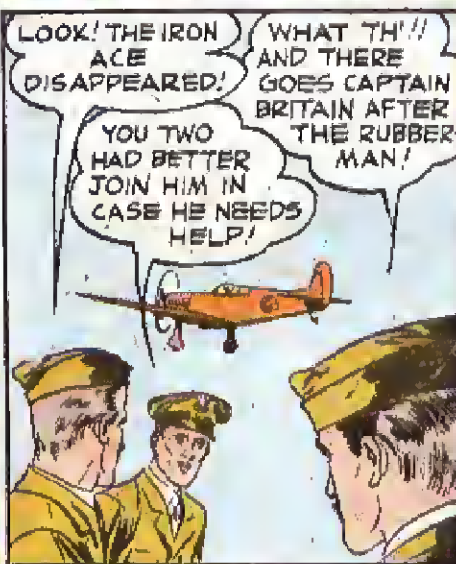
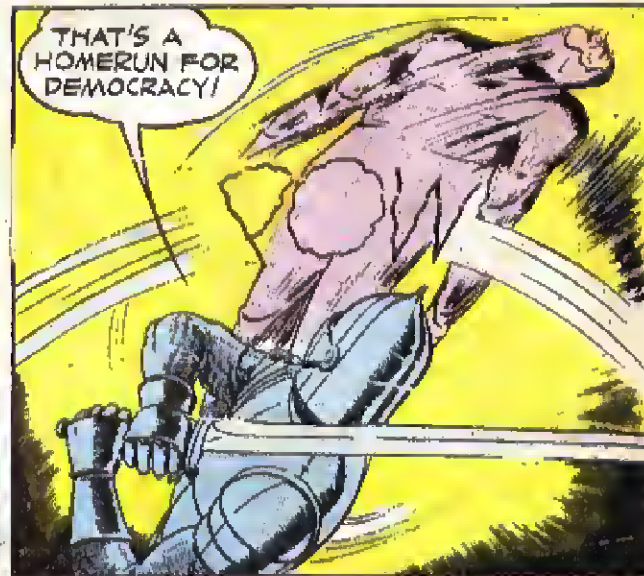
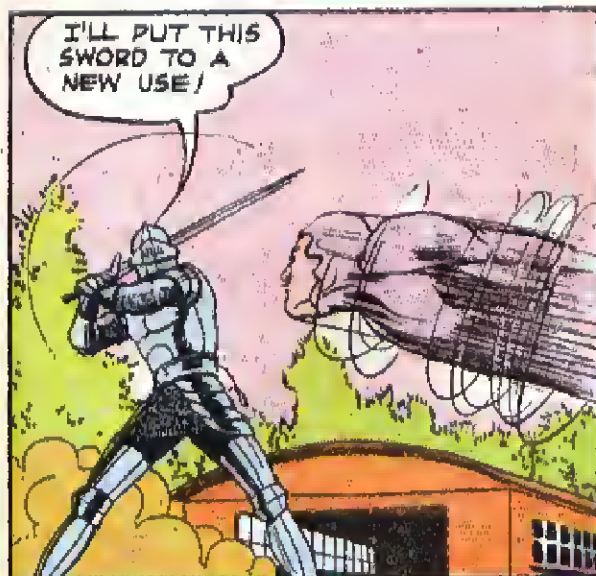
BRITAIN, SEEMS LIKE THEY'VE FORGOT-
TEN THAT YOUR FIGHTER PLANES KEPT
THE JERRIES AWAY
FROM THE BOMBERS!

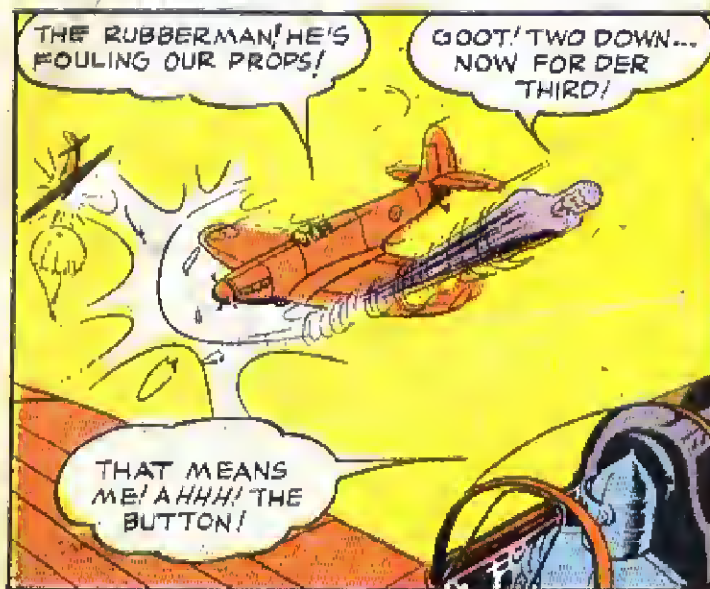
IF I WERE
JEALOUS, I'D TRY
TO BECOME A BOMBER
PILOT, BUT IT ISN'T
EXCITING ENOUGH!











THE RUBBERMAN! HE'S FOULING OUR PROPS!

GOOT! TWO DOWN... NOW FOR DER THIRD!

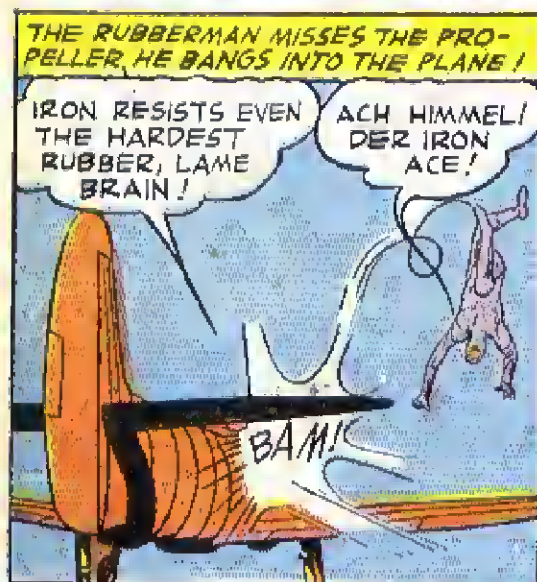
THAT MEANS ME! AHHH! THE BUTTON!



THE PLUNGING RUBBERMAN FAILS TO SEE THE FABRIKOID-MICRO IRON WHICH SLIDES OVER THE IRON ACE'S PLANE...

HA! HA! THE ENGLISH DOG! I'LL GET HIS PROP TOO!

OKAY RUBBER-MAN! IT'S IRON AGAINST RUBBER!



THE RUBBERMAN MISSES THE PROPELLER, HE BANGS INTO THE PLANE!

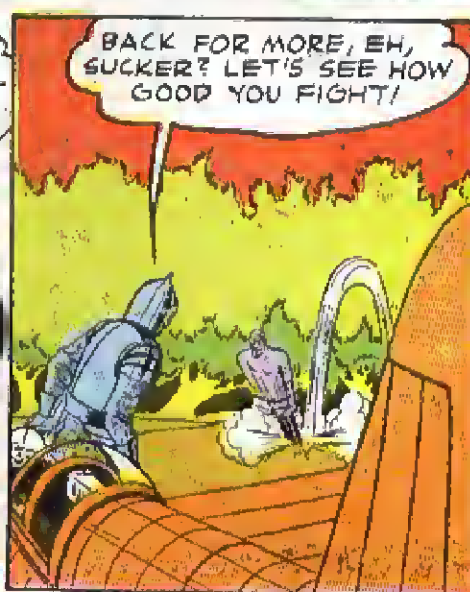
IRON RESISTS EVEN THE HARDEST RUBBER, LAME BRAIN!

ACH HIMMEL! DER IRON ACE!

BAM!



THAT BLOW SLOWED HIM DOWN! I'LL LAND AND PUT AN END TO HIM!



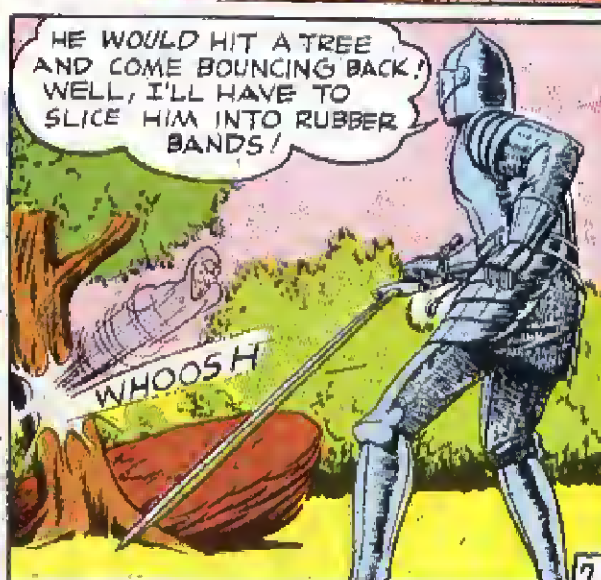
BACK FOR MORE, EH, SUCKER? LET'S SEE HOW GOOD YOU FIGHT!



I'LL PUNCH YOU FULL OF HOLES, LIKE A SPONGE!

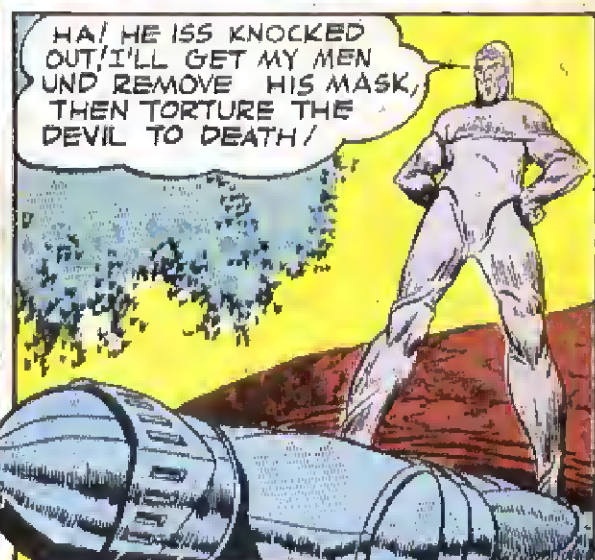
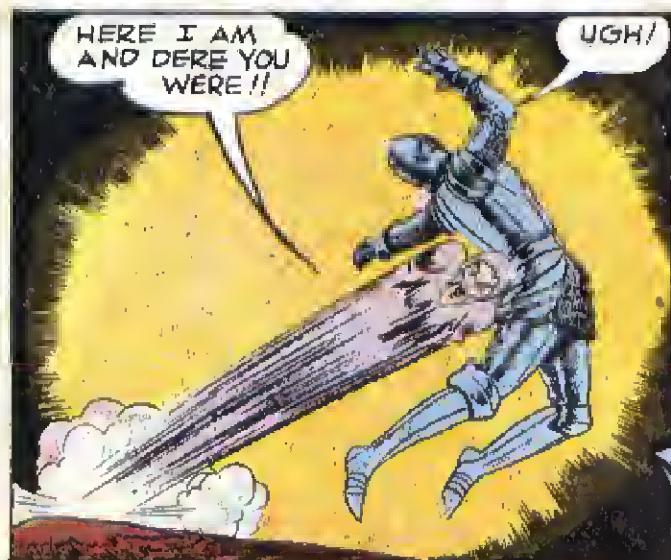
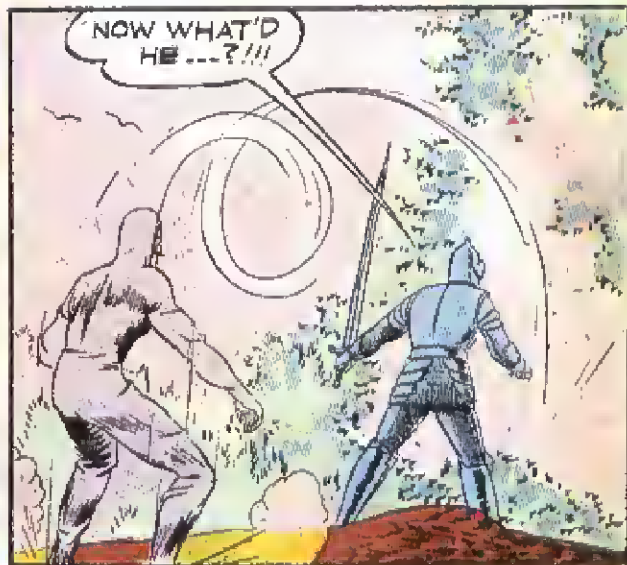
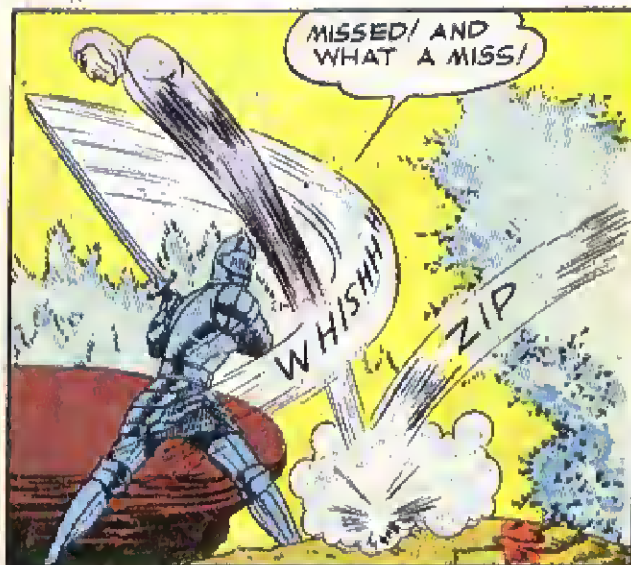
OOOFFEE!

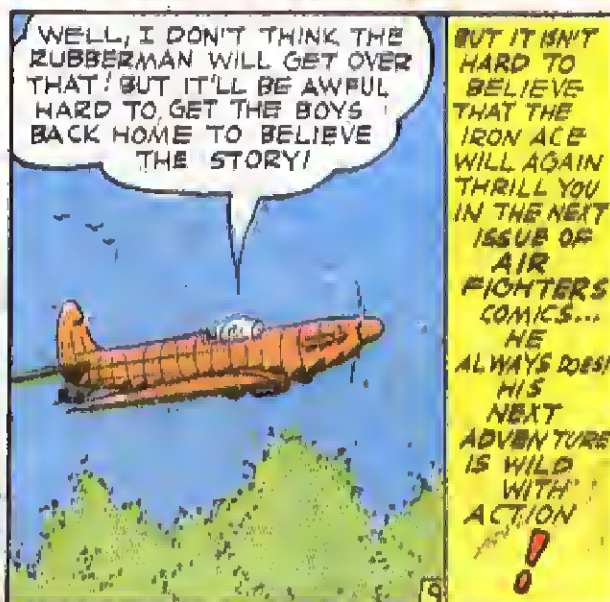
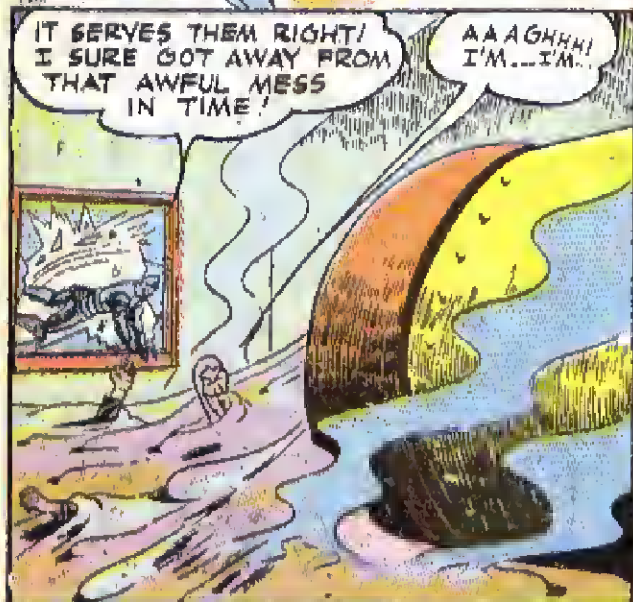
POW!



HE WOULD HIT A TREE AND COME BOUNCING BACK! WELL, I'LL HAVE TO SLICE HIM INTO RUBBER BANDS!

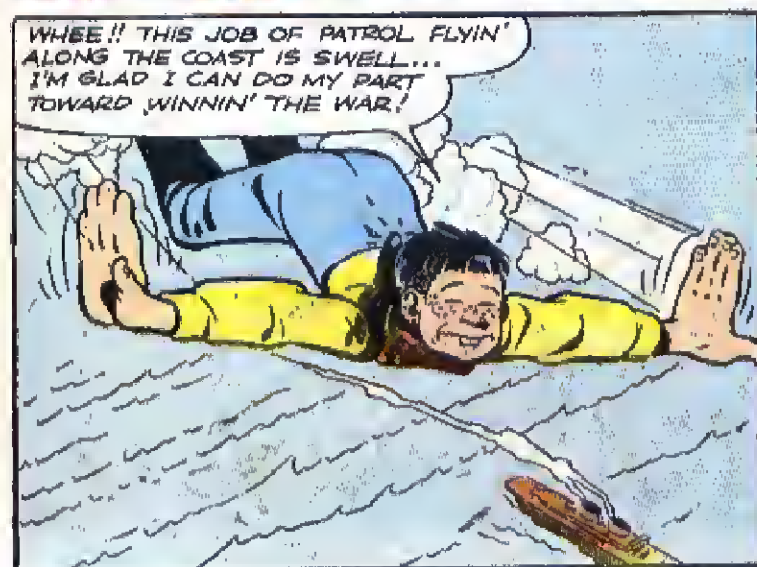
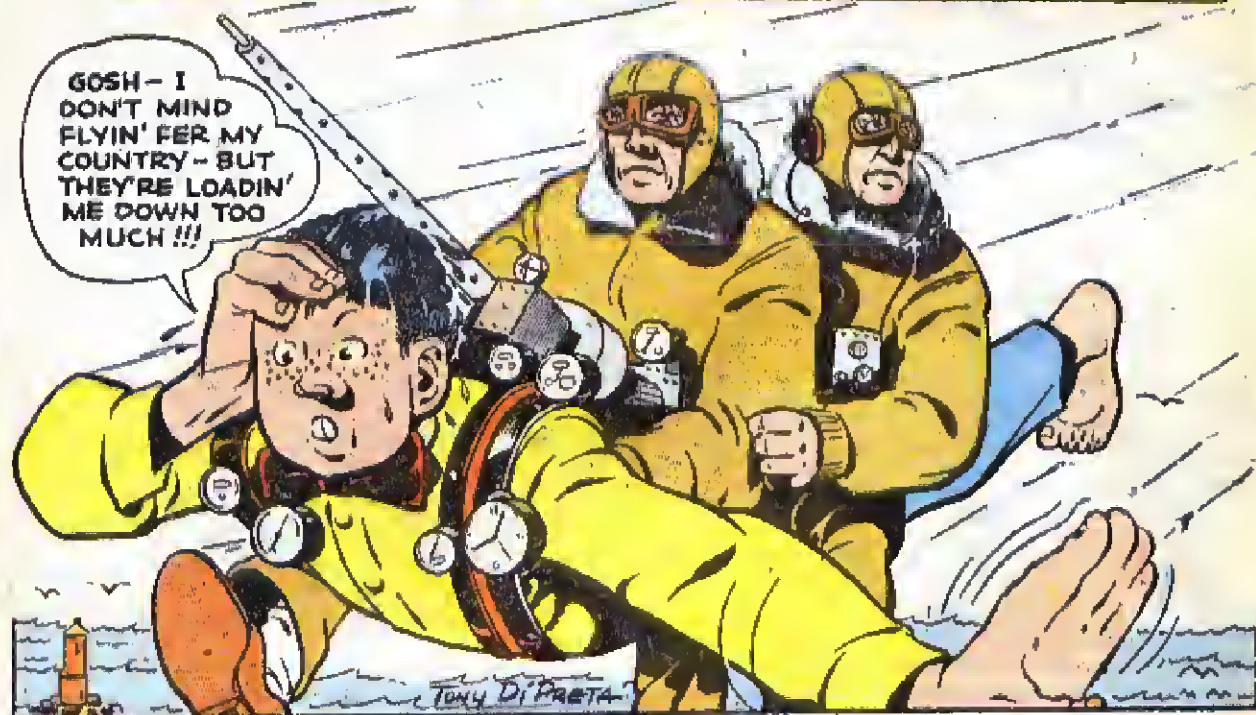
WHOOOSH

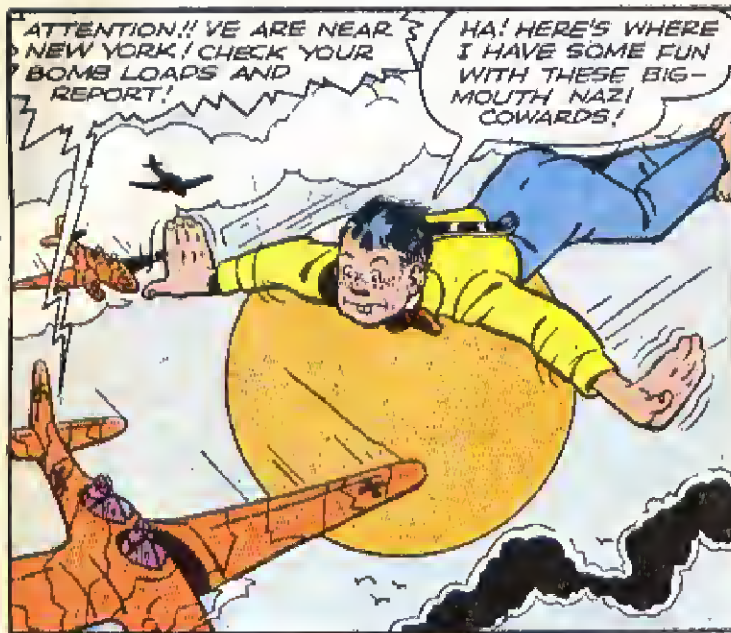




SKINNY MCGINTY

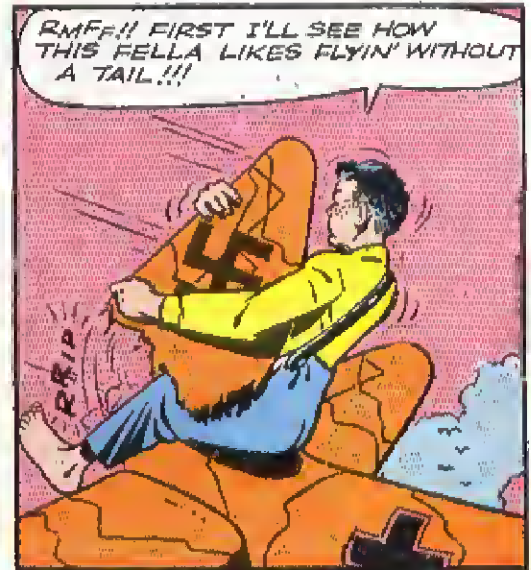
HE'S 'WAY AHEAD OF HIS TIME!! - FOR SKINNY NEEDS NO PLANE TO FLY - HE FLIES WITH HIS BIG HANDS! AND IF HE EVER STOPS TO THINK OF IT, HE'LL FALL!! - BUT SKINNY NEVER THINKS MUCH!!





ATTENTION!! WE ARE NEAR
NEW YORK! CHECK YOUR
BOMB LOADS AND
REPORT!

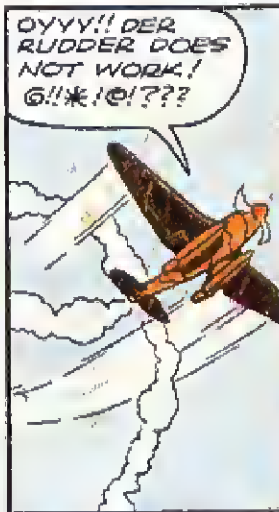
HA! HERE'S WHERE
I HAVE SOME FUN
WITH THESE BIG-
MOUTH NAZI
COWARDS!



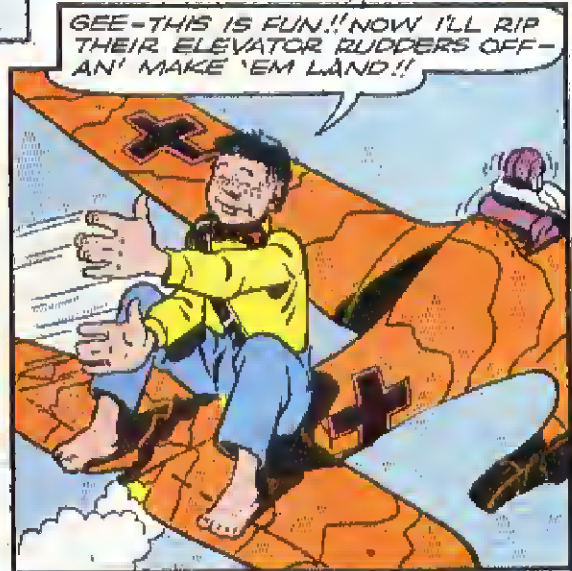
RMFF!! FIRST I'LL SEE HOW
THIS FELLA LIKES FLYIN' WITHOUT
A TAIL!!!



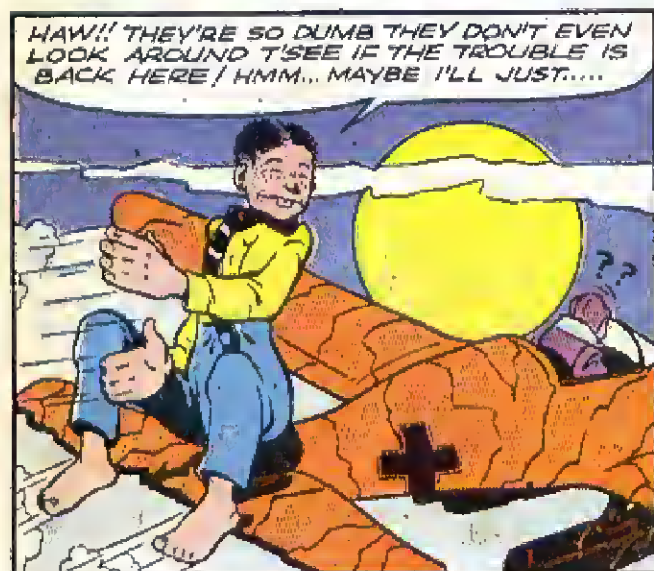
ACH!! VOT??? MY PLANE!
IT ISS TURNING RIGHT
AROUND!



OYYY!! DER
RUDDER DOES
NOT WORK!
G!!*!@!???



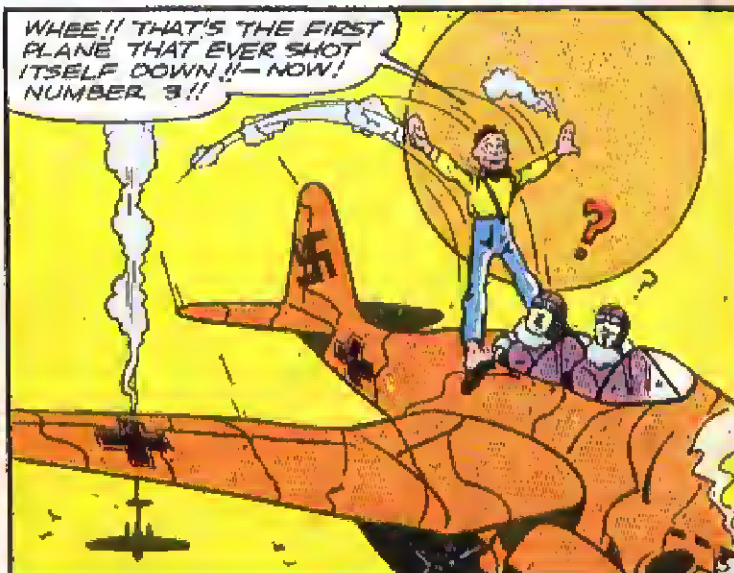
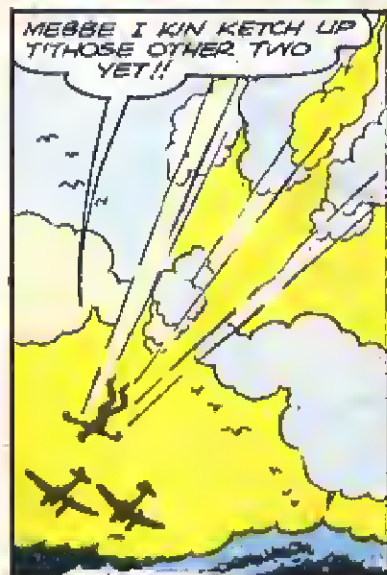
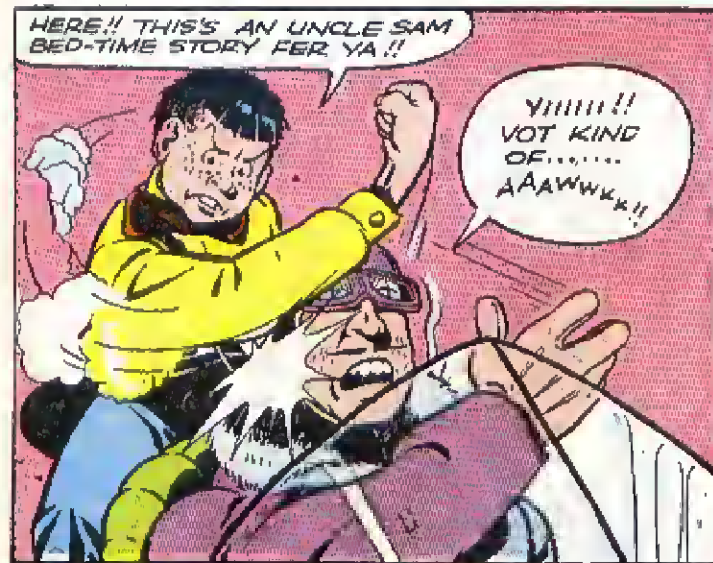
GEE-THIS IS FUN!! NOW I'LL RIP
THEIR ELEVATOR RUDDERS OFF-
AN' MAKE 'EM LAND!!

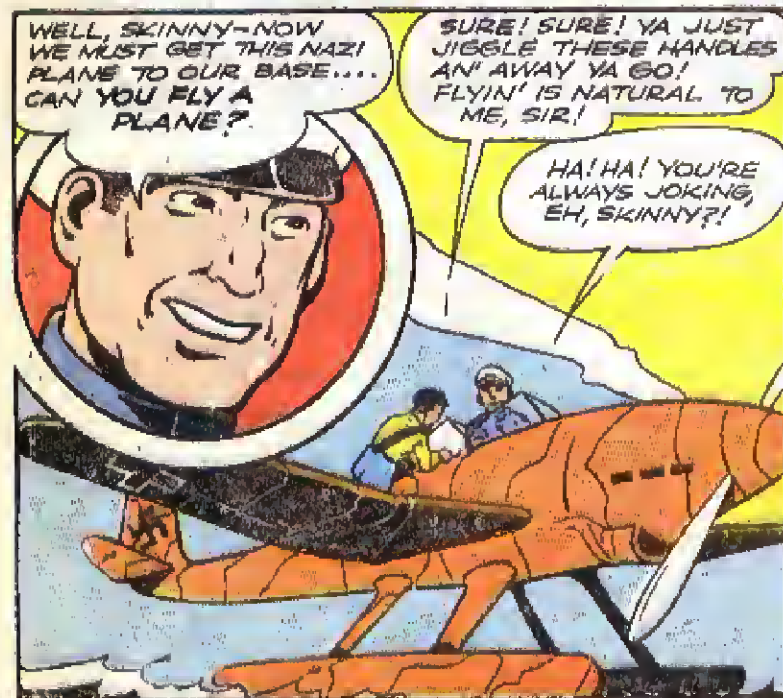
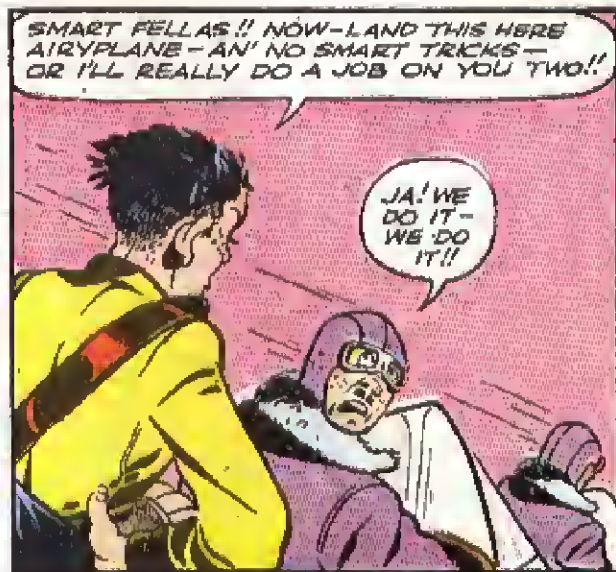
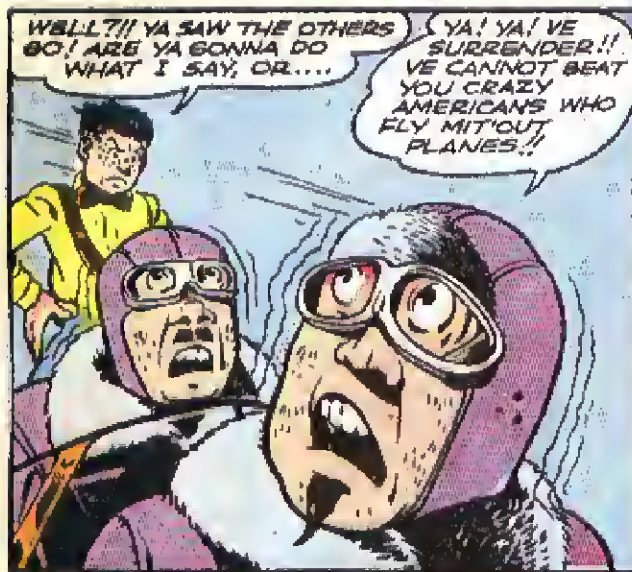


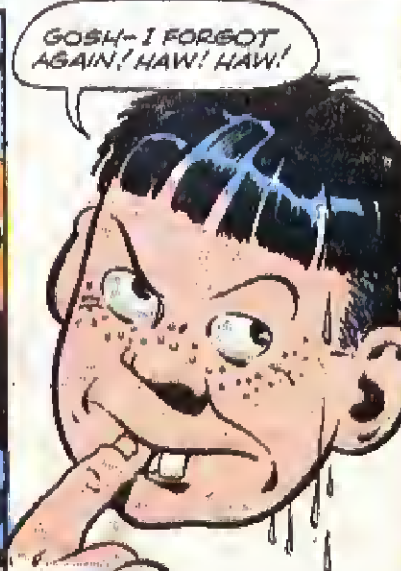
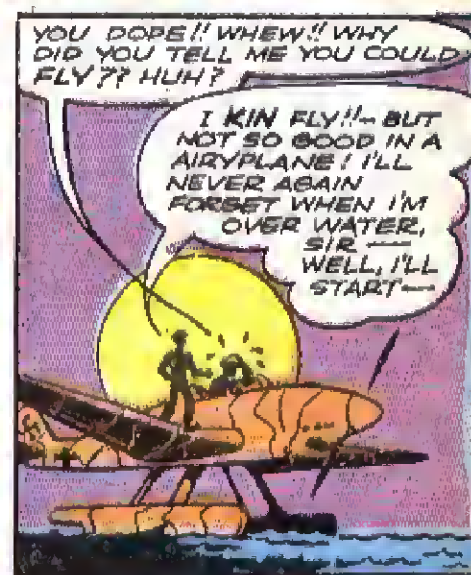
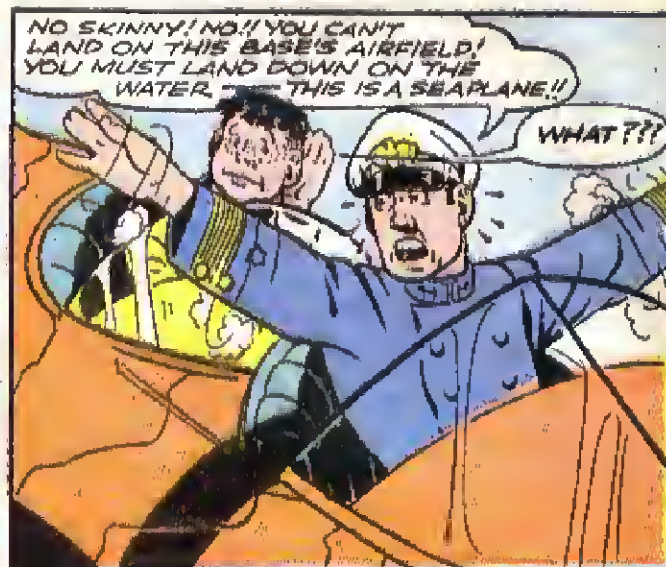
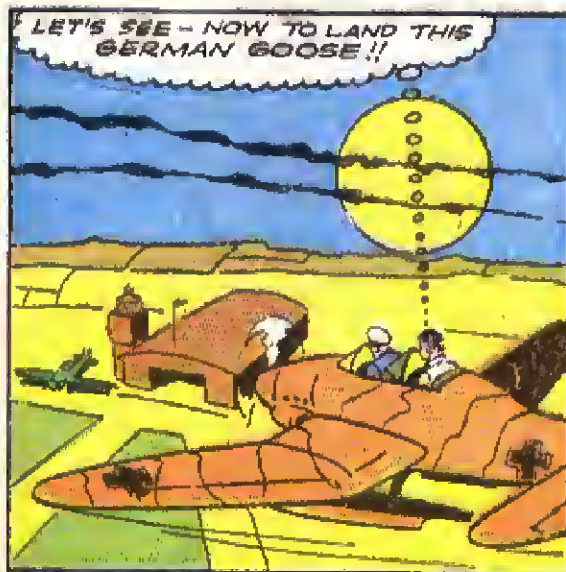
HAW!! THEY'RE SO DUMB THEY DON'T EVEN
LOOK AROUND T'SEE IF THE TROUBLE IS
BACK HERE! HMM... MAYBE I'LL JUST....



BOO!! YER
BOMBED, SUCKERS!!
HOW D'YA LIKE
AMERICA??!!







SO LONG SKINNY!! KEEP FLYING AND FIGHTING FOR UNCLE SAM-TIL WE AGAIN SEE YOU NEXT MONTH-IN THIS SWELL AIR FIGHTERS COMICS! WE KNOW THAT YOU'LL BE IN SOME CRAZY SCAPE-AS USUAL!!!

SKY WOLF

By
BOB
FUJE



**CAN ENGLAND'S
WHOLE
GOVERNMENT
BE SWEEP
INTO THE
SKIES???**
**CAN A SILENT,
INVISIBLE
MENACE BRING
A MIGHTY NATION
TO ITS KNEES???**
MAYBE!!!---

**BUT THE NAZI
GENIUSES HAVEN'T
RECKONED WITH THE
SKY WOLF, HIS COM-
RADES, AND THEIR
SEMI-PLANES!!**

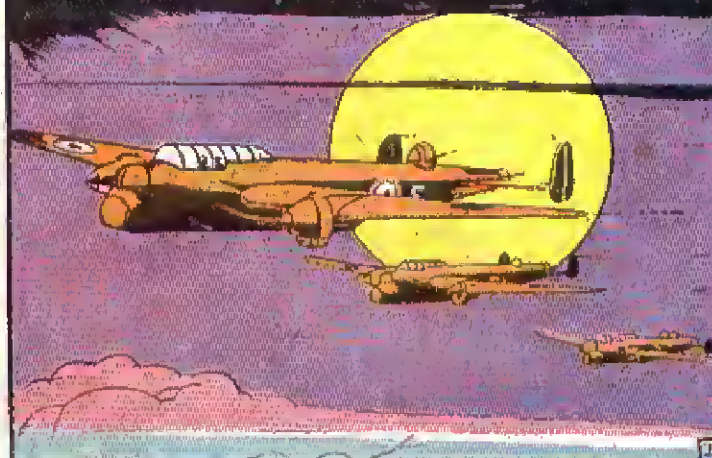
AT A SECRET AIR BASE SOMEWHERE
IN ENGLAND....

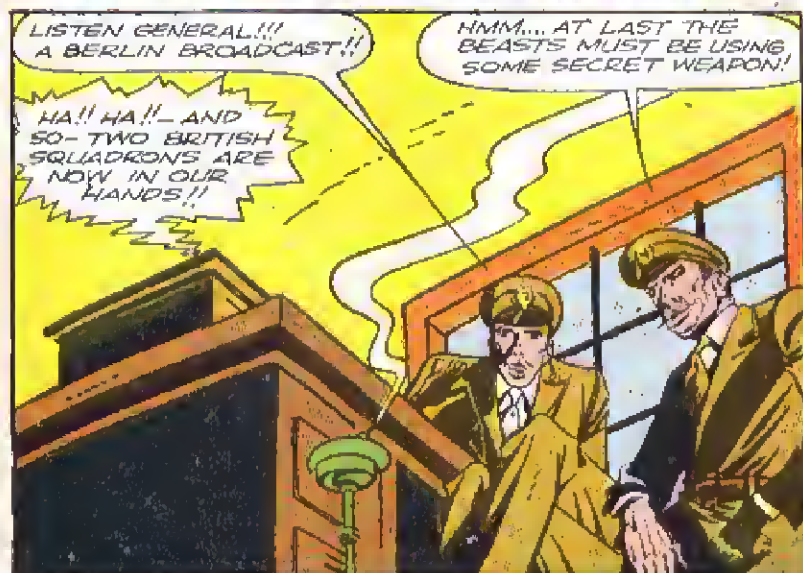
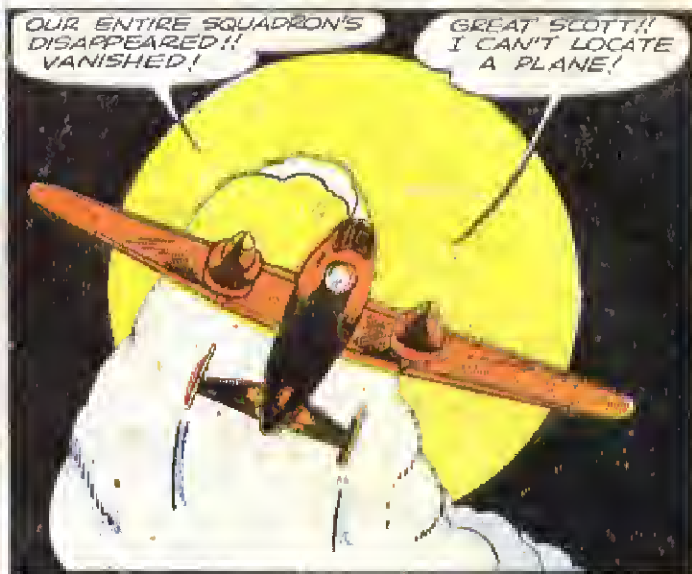
YUP!! THEM
LANCASTERS
ARE TH'
TOUGHEST
BOMBERS
OUR
GOVERNMENT
HAS!!

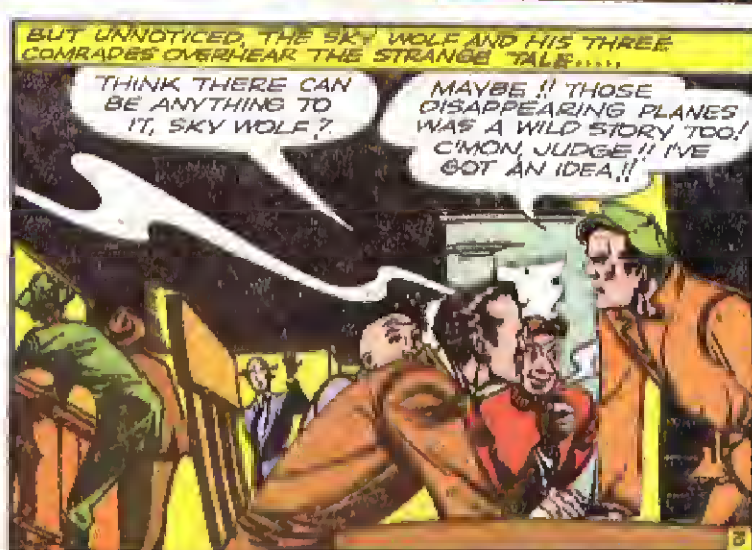
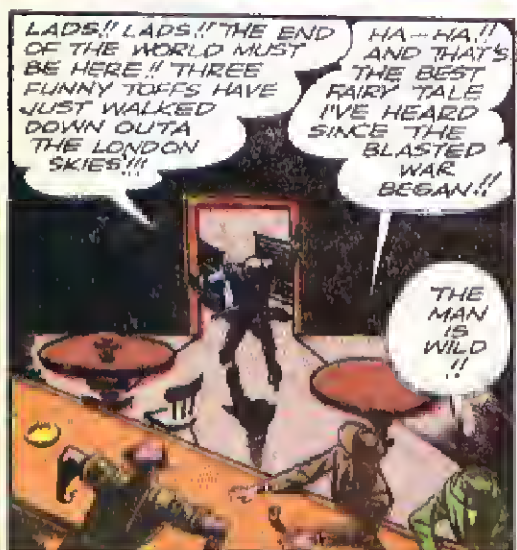
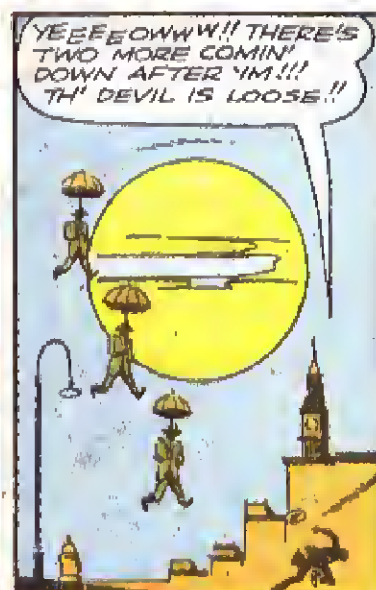
RIGHT!! AND MAJOR
WILKINS IS LEADING
'EM ON ANOTHER
RAID!!



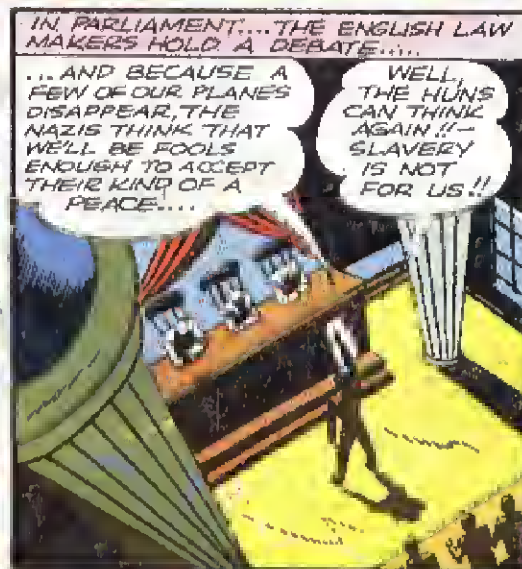
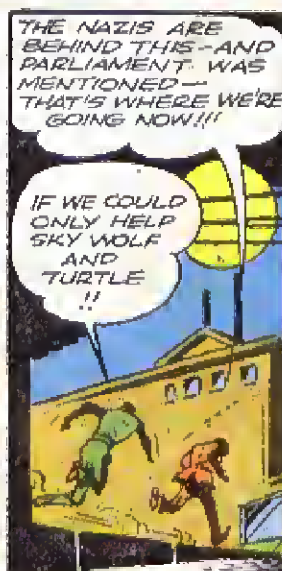
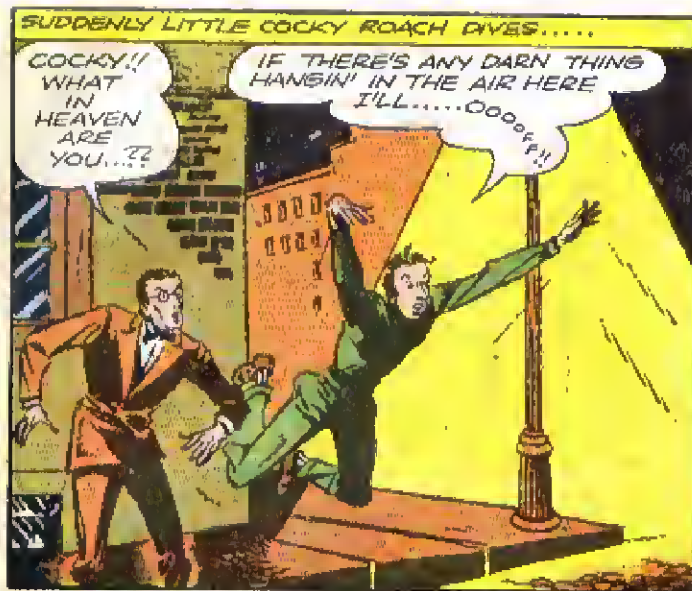
...ON AND ON THEY GO...UNTIL THE AIR OVER OCCUPIED
FRANCE GROANS AS THE BOMBERS THUNDER ALONG...

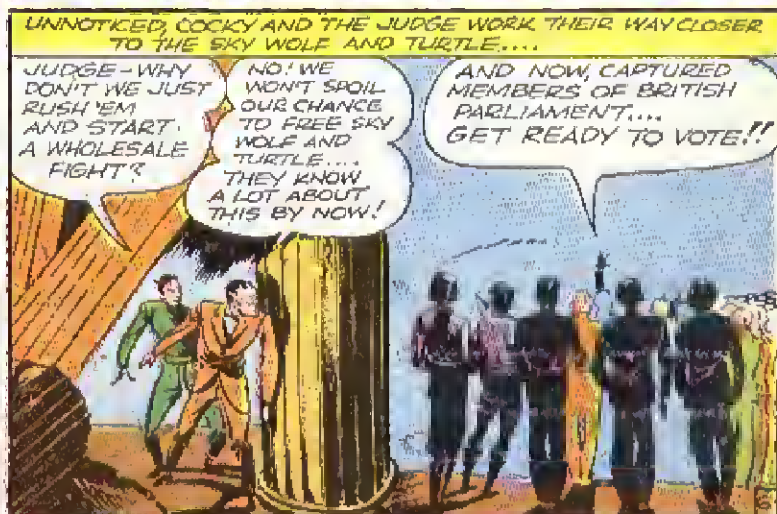
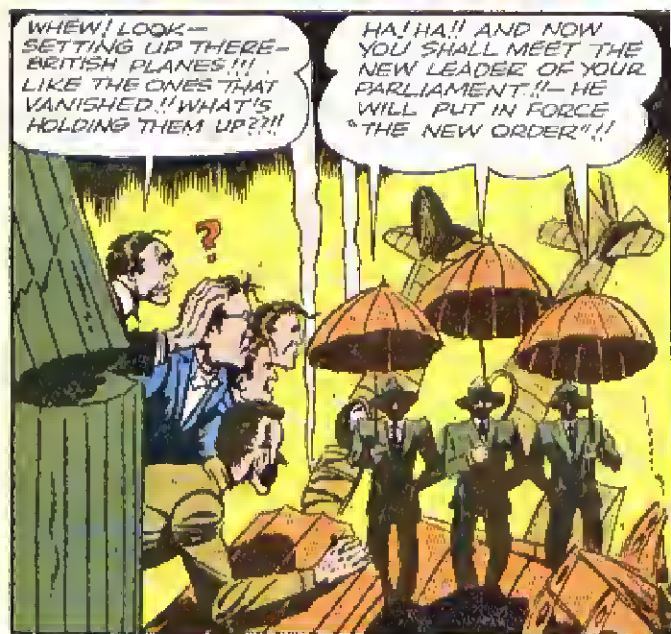
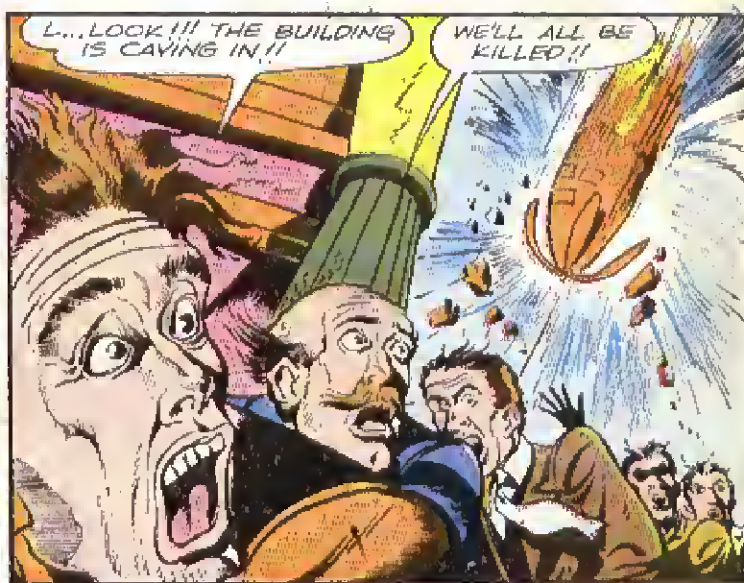
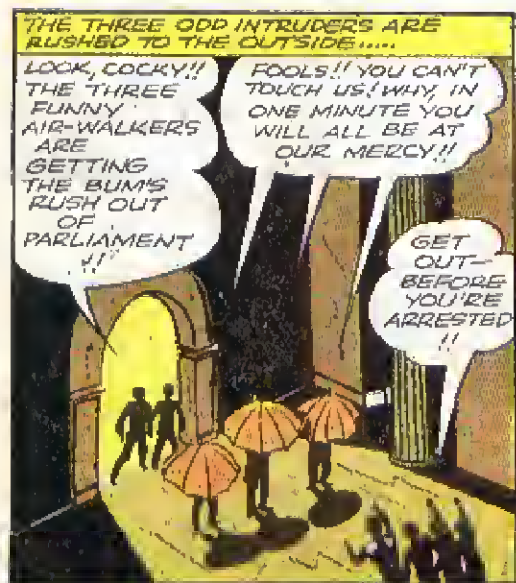


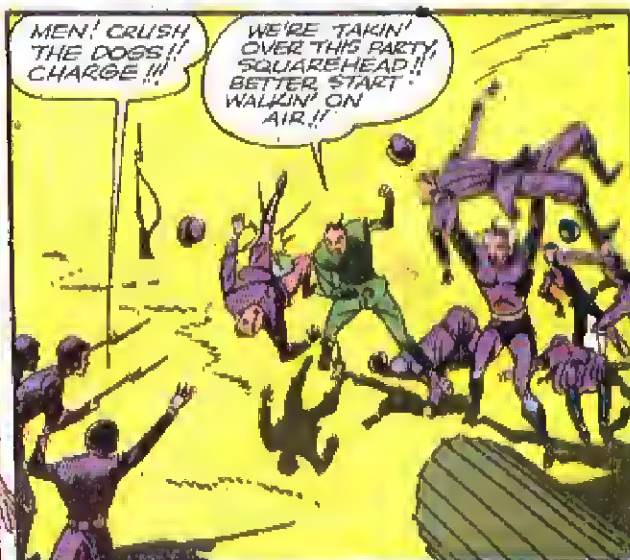
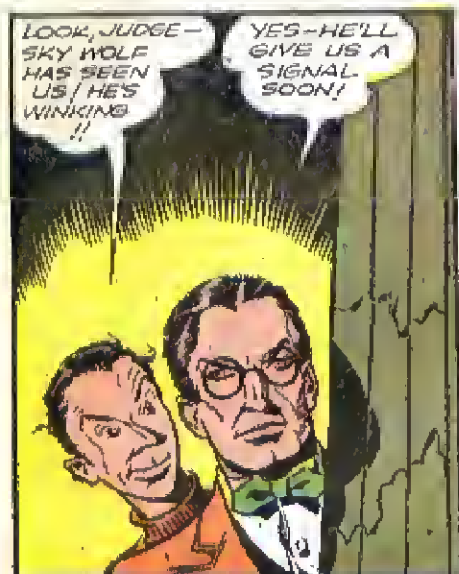


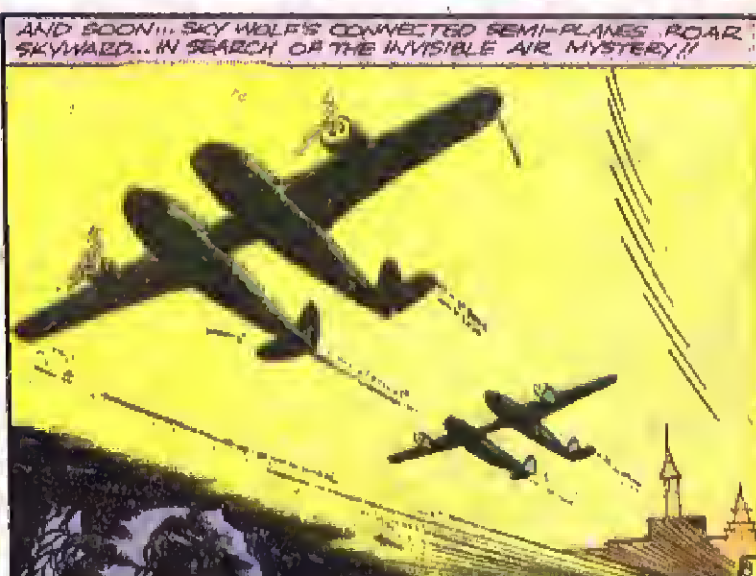
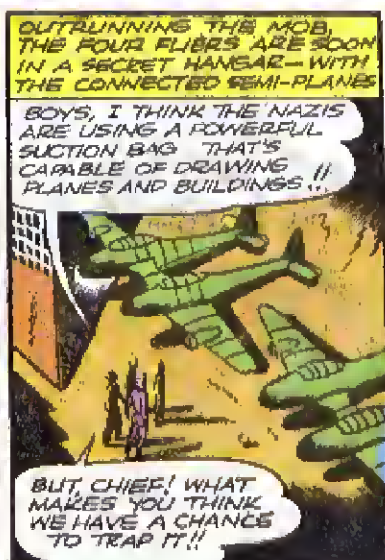
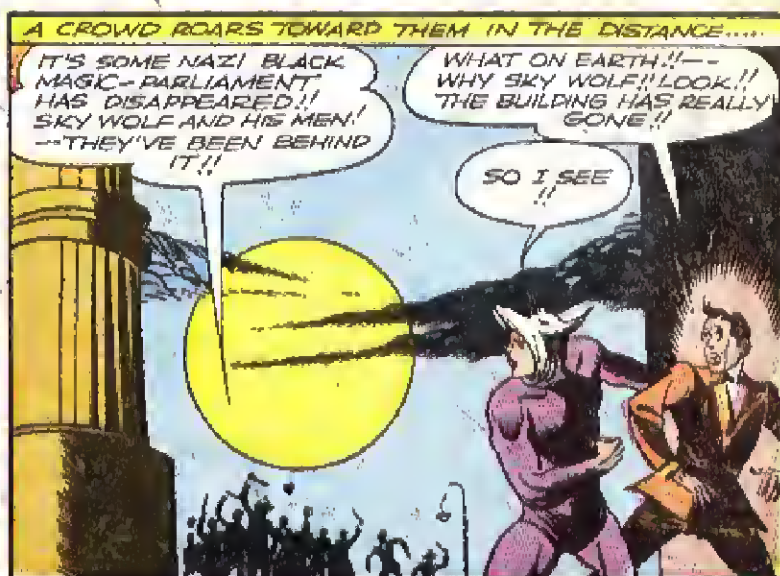


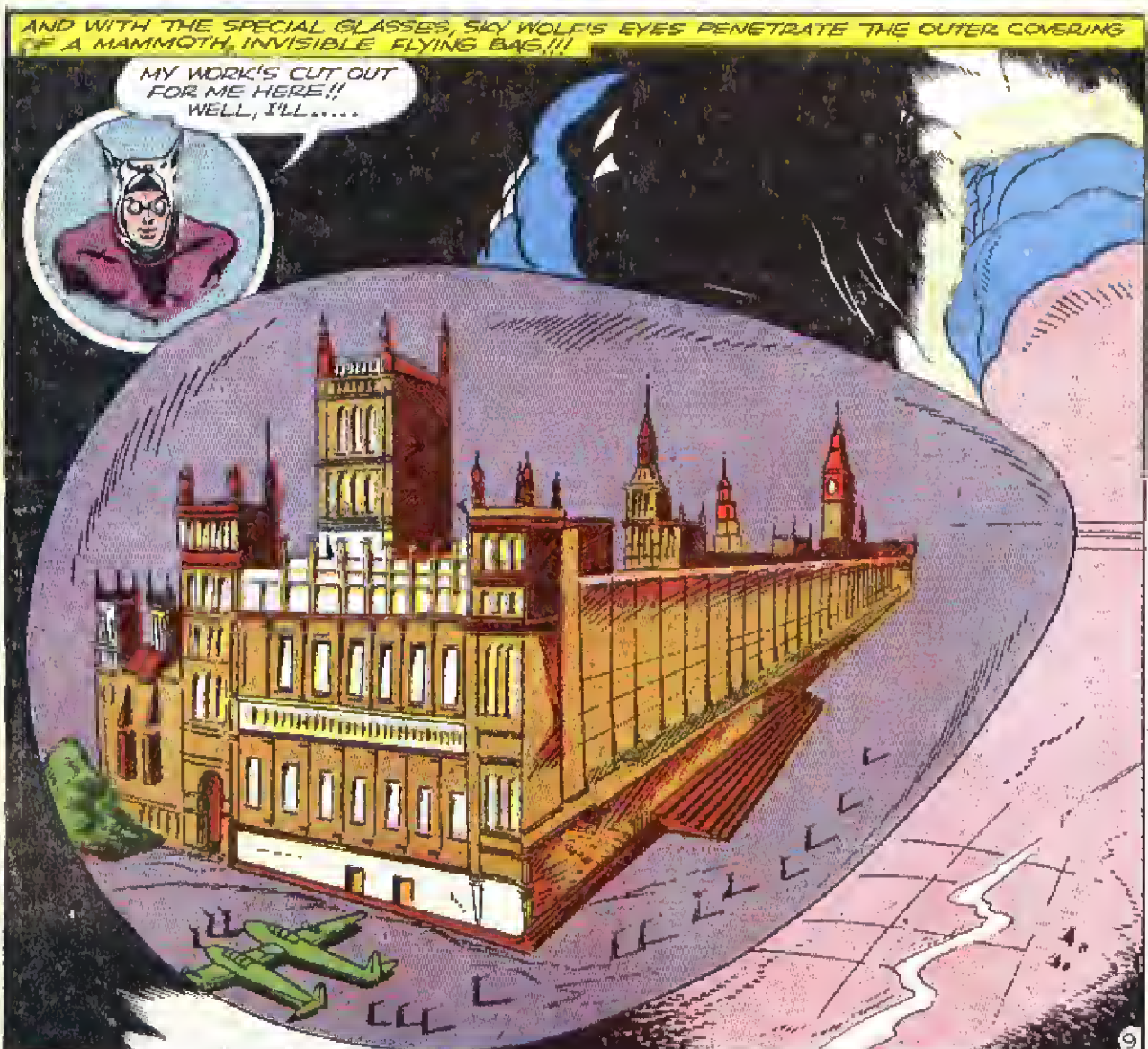
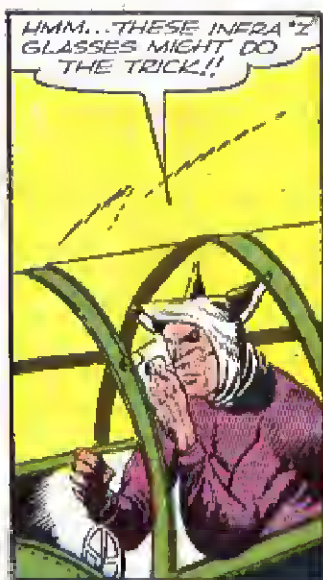
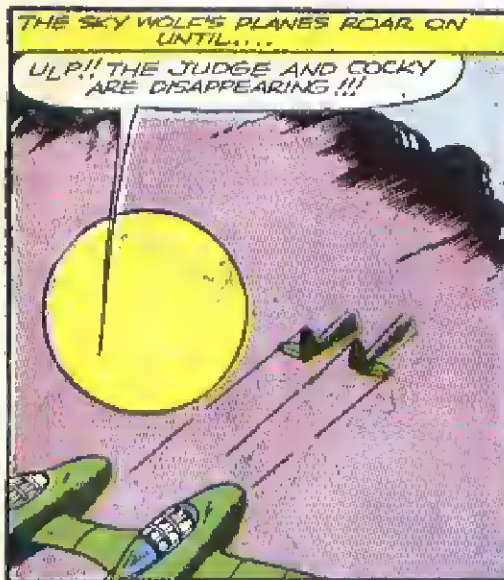


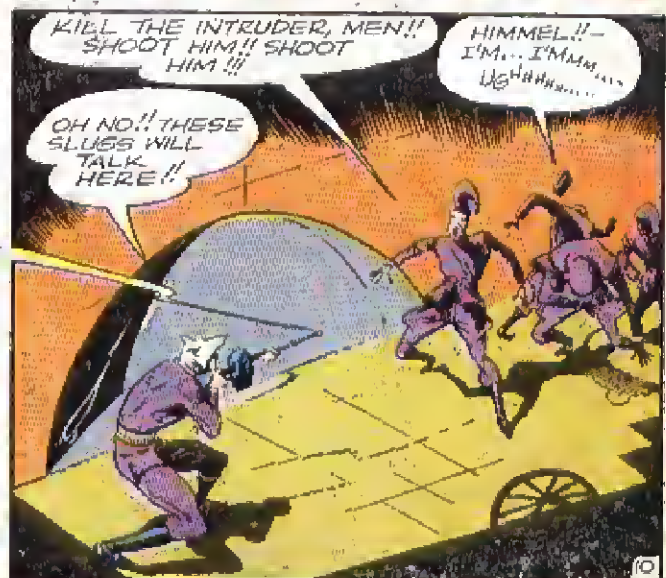
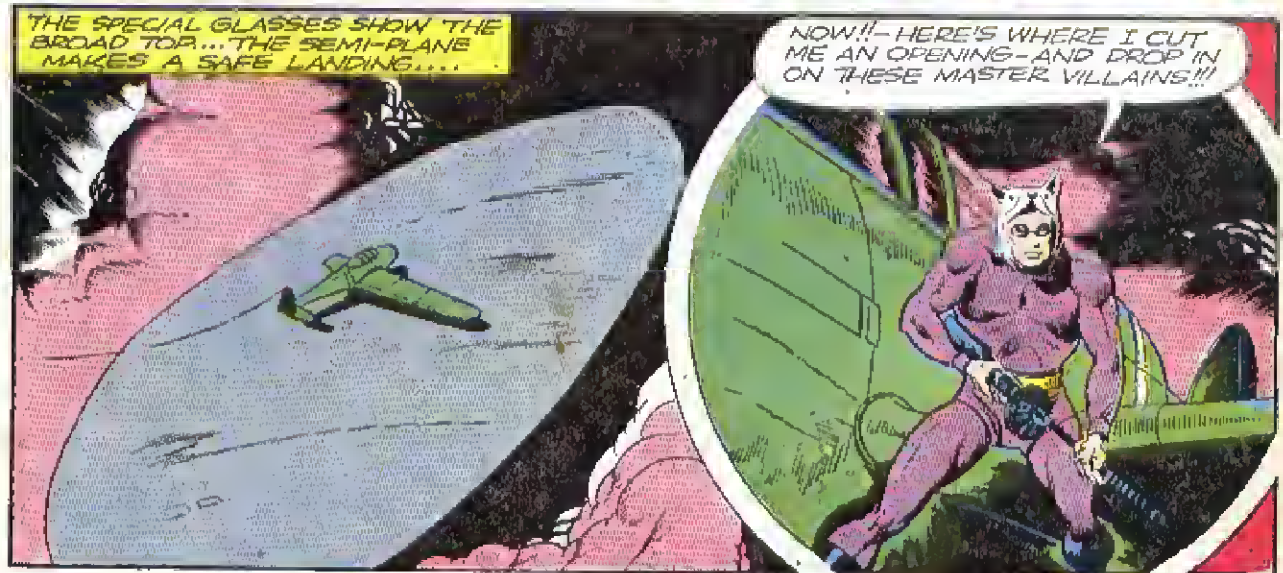
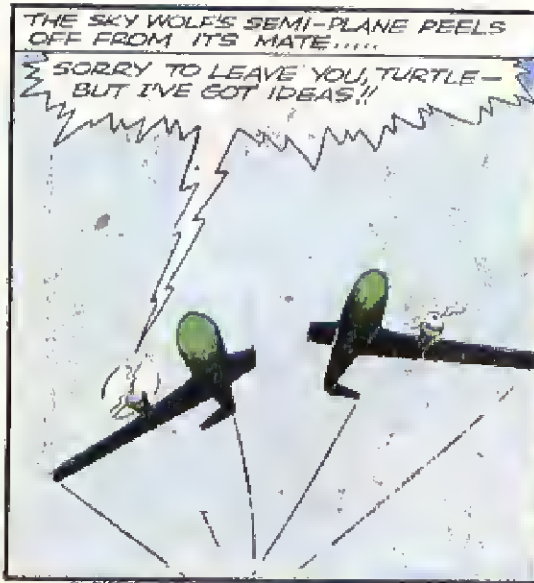


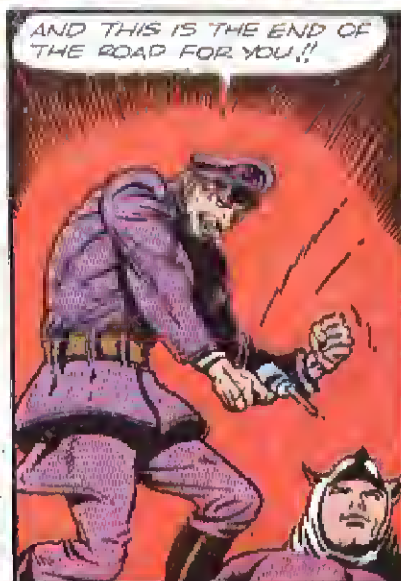
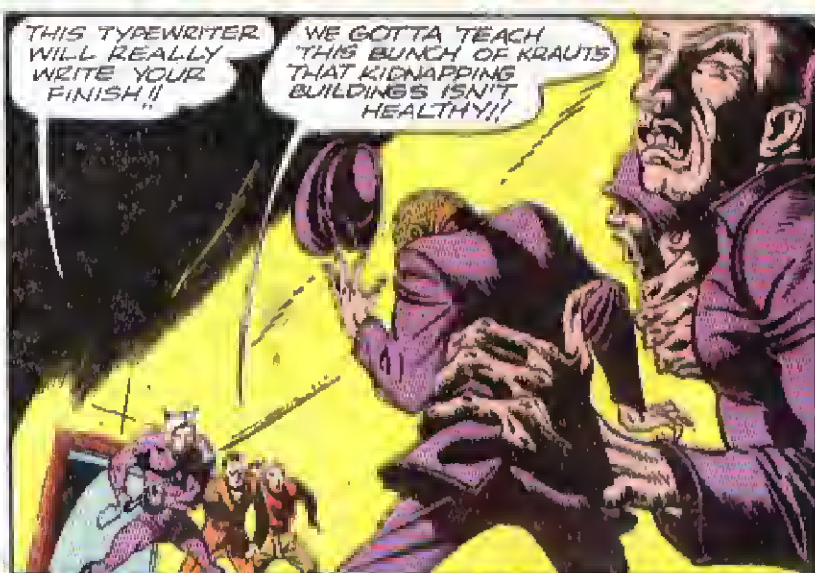


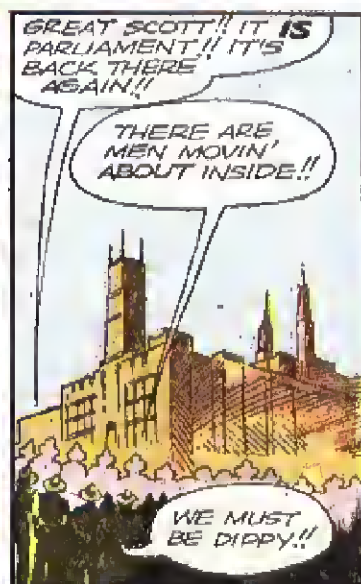
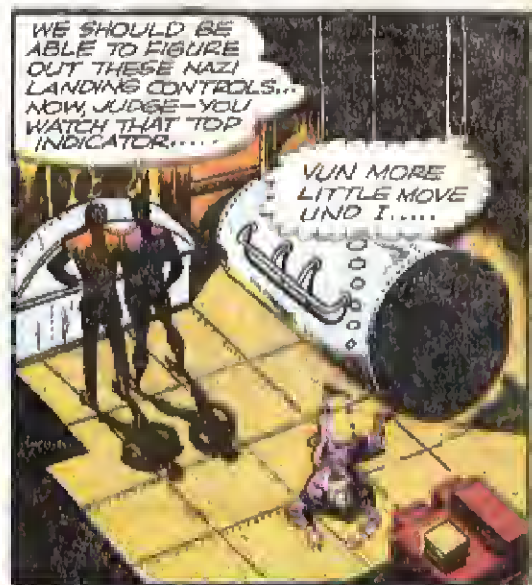
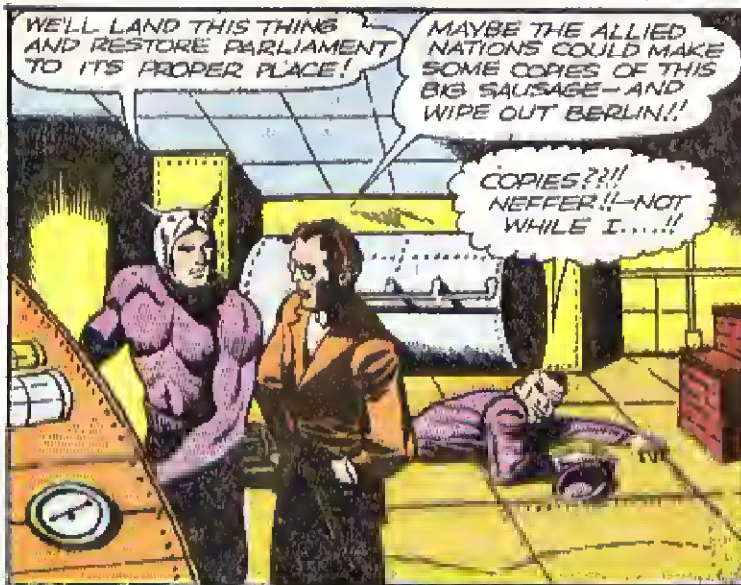












BLIND BULLS-EYE

BY
NATHANIEL
NITKIN

THE FLYING FORTRESSES of the 31st Bombardment Squadron were ready for their next mission. The bombers were lined up on the runway of a hastily-built airport in Darwin, Australia. They were protected from air sight by a camouflage netting over them.

But if one of the Flying Fortresses could talk, it would tell about heated arguments between its pilot and bombardier. Lieutenant Paul Henderson, the bombardier, had earned his commission the hard way. The pilot, 1st Lieutenant Jimmy Haldane, was a West Pointer and a blue-blood. He hated to take orders from a man who became an officer through the O.T.C. When a Fortress was over a target, the pilot was bound to obey the bombardier's direction—it was as simple as that.

★ ★ ★

It was one of the hottest days that the isolated outpost of Darwin ever knew—a day when heat and loneliness got into men's nerves. A good bombing mission would change all that, but never-

theless, at the moment the plane crews' tempers were badly frayed.

Paul accidentally stepped on Jimmy's foot as the pilot was reclining in a camp chair. Jimmy yelped with pain and sprang to his feet. His face darkened with fury. Without a word, he slammed into Paul with swinging fists.

★ ★ ★

Both Jimmy and Paul were athletes, hard-boned and with tough muscles. They slugged it out, exchanging hammer-like blows without flinching.

Then the squadron C.O., Colonel Hammond, came running out of his office.

"Attention!" the colonel bel-
lowed.

The two stopped fighting and saluted.

"At ease!" the colonel snapped. "Who is responsible for this?"

"It's my fault," Jimmy said. "I attacked him first, sir."

"Don't believe him, sir," Paul interrupted. "It's my fault."

"Enough," Colonel Hammond barked. "Go to your quarters and..."

Suddenly the loudspeaker

blared: "Squadron 31, man your planes! Squadron 31, man your planes!"

★ ★ ★

THE two young men won a reprieve and were curtly ordered to their ship, Sky King. Soon they were racing at high altitude, keeping a tight sections formation with the other bombers, toward the Japanese naval outpost of Bougainville in the Solomons. Intelligence had reported a strong enemy naval force, including a battleship, there.

And the Sky King's job was to bomb the battleship.

During the whole trip neither Paul nor Jimmy talked to each other. The bomber's crew felt the tension uneasily. Sergeant O'Hara, the radioman, tried to break the ice with some wisecracks, but his jokes fell flat, which was unusual because the Irishman's wit was sharp.

Then they reached Bougainville. But the port was hidden by a heavy rain squall that blanketed the Japanese warships. To wait for the squall to lift would

use up so much gas that the Fortresses would not be able to return. They had no choice but to bore through the squall and bomb the warships as best they could.

All the time Paul had been studying the layout of the harbor and the positions of the warships whenever lightning flashed. Now he had what he wanted, and he switched on the inter-ship phone:

"Lieutenant, change to course three-five-zero."

"The heck you say!" Jimmy retorted. "I won't leave formation to satisfy your desire to sight-see this dump."

"Not sight-seeing, please," Paul said wearily. "I've got to get a bead on that battleship."

"Do you mean you can see through this darned squall?"

"No, sir," Paul admitted, "But I've got everything figured. Please change to new course three-five-six."

Muttering under his breath, Jimmy swung the big Fortress from formation toward north by west, and held her on course. Paul studied his stop watch, and then pressed the bomb release button.

★ ★ ★

Tons of armor-piercing bombs hurtled from the *Sky King's* open bomb bays. They disappeared into the black squall. Then one of them must have gone through the Japanese battleship's smokestack, for suddenly there was a terrific explosion, followed by a violent shaft of flame. When debris stopped falling, Bougainville Harbor was lit by a furious sheet of fire.

The Japanese battleship was burning wildly!

Instantly the other Flying Fortresses fell into course runs, and dumped demolition bombs on the enemy warships. Even Jimmy swung his ship about to give Paul a chance to drop their remaining bombs on the stricken battleship.

★ ★ ★

THE mission was over and the Flying Fortresses banked about, holding to tight formation against the expected attack from the Zero fighters that would pierce the squall to get at the bombers.

Except for the *Sky King*, which had gone off formation. Now she was a lone wolf upon which the Zeros ganged, in an effort to get her before she joined the safety of the formation.

Paul abandoned his bombardier's post and grabbed the machine guns of the fore turret. He steeled himself to meet the whine of enemy slugs. At this time most of the fighting was in the rear, and Paul heard the yelps of the sergeant gunners as they got a Zero apiece.

But it was a hopeless task. For the Zeros were so many, and the giant bomber was alone.

Suddenly Jimmy changed his flying tactics. He yelled through the phone:

"Hang on, men!" I'm going to show these babies something they don't expect."

Before Paul knew it, he was thrown off balance against the hard edge of his turret cockpit. His safety belt held him in place. When he recovered his wits, he realized that the *Sky King* was doing a climbing turn with a twist!

He found a group of Zeros straight ahead of him. He aimed

his sights at them and let his machine guns go. He saw slugs converge on the nearest Zero and pulverise the Jap job's thin hide. Then the Zero stalled and heavy black smoke shot forth from its engine cowling.

The Japs were surprised, too. The *Sky King* charged through them, every machine gun yammering wildly. Here and there a Zero plunged to the sea, leaving behind a trail of smoke.

The Zeros broke formation and fled from the Flying Fortress as though it were a sky dragon.

Then Jimmy swung about and coaxed more power out of his four engines. He joined his squadron half an hour later.

When they were returning to Darwin, Jimmy said:

"You aren't a bad guy, Paul. How were you able to plant a bomb in the Jap battle-wagon's smokestack without seeing the ship?"

Paul shrugged. "It isn't hard, Jimmy. I spotted the ship and figured how long it would take us to get in the right position. I always was good in math at school, see?"

★ ★ ★

"I see," Jimmy said, "But it's a new one on me."

"But you aren't so bad yourself," Paul said. "What made you think of charging at the Nips as though you had a P-40?"

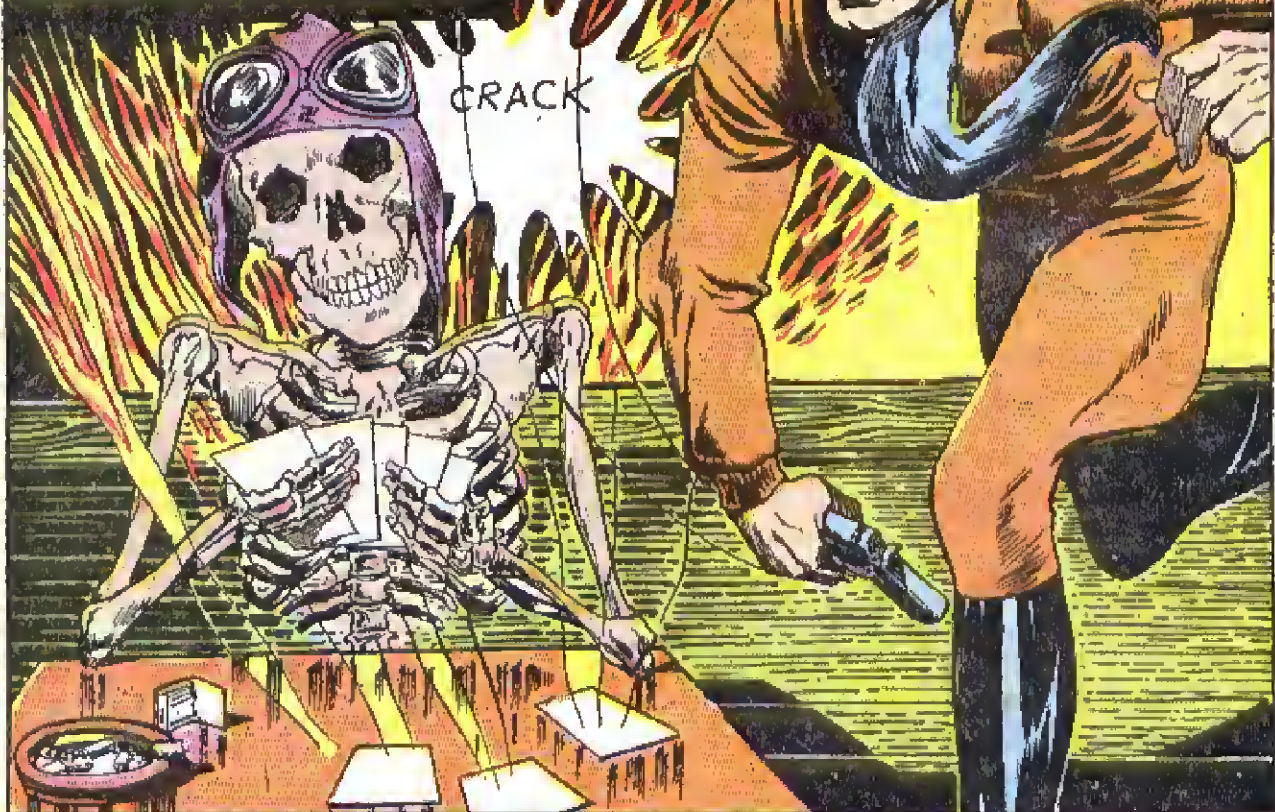
"Oh, nothing," Jimmy said idly. "I always wanted to be a fighter pilot. I used fighter tactics, that's all. The brasshats said I wasn't fit for a fighting plane. Ha!"

The former enemies looked at each other, then grinned. Jimmy put out his hand and Paul gripped it warmly.

The BALD EAGLE

NAZI DEVILRY CAN BE ANYWHERE-EVEN IN A DECK OF CARDS!!...AN INVASION IS NEARLY LAUNCHED BEHIND A HARMLESS LITTLE "GAME". THAT IS, TIL THE BALD EAGLE PLAYS HIS TRUMP!

and the
**PLAYING
CARDS of
DEATH!**



OFF THE COAST OF AMERICA, A NAZI U-BOAT DRIFTS ALONG THE SURFACE

HA! DER MEN ARE BUSY ADDRESSING OUR PRESENTS TO DER AMERICANS! VE NAZIS ARE NOT SUCH BAD PEOPLE AFTER ALL!



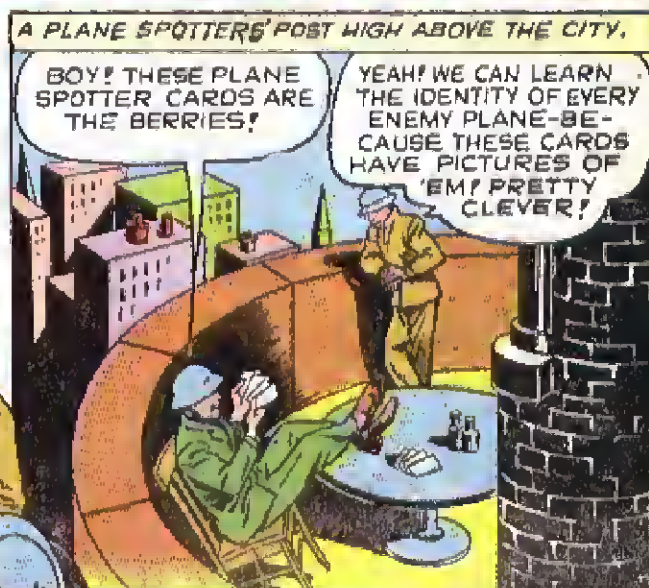
HERR COMMANDER, VE ARE ALMOST FINISHED!

THE PACKAGES ARE ADDRESSED..

THEY ARE ALL DONE HERR COMMANDER!

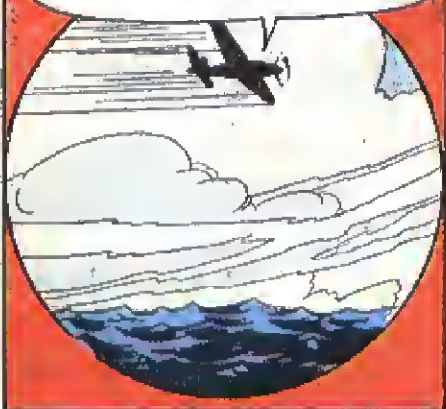


GOOT! VE PUT OFF A SMALL BOAT AND MAIL DER PACKAGES TONIGHT! LET DER FOOLS RECEIVE OUR GIFTS QUICKLY!



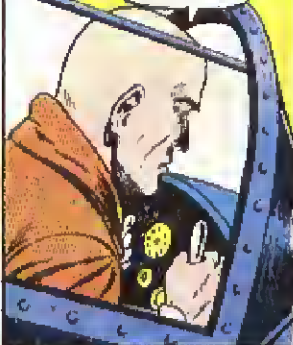
WHILE OVER THE OCEAN, A 600 MILE-AN-HOUR PLANE TEARS THROUGH SPACE..

THAT DEAD NAZI CAME OFF SOME U-BOAT.. BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF IT AROUND HERE!



AT THE CONTROLS, JACK GATLING, BETTER KNOWN AS THE BALD EAGLE.

FUEL'S RUNNING LOW.. GUESS I'D BETTER HEAD BACK AND TAKE ANOTHER CRACK LATER ON!

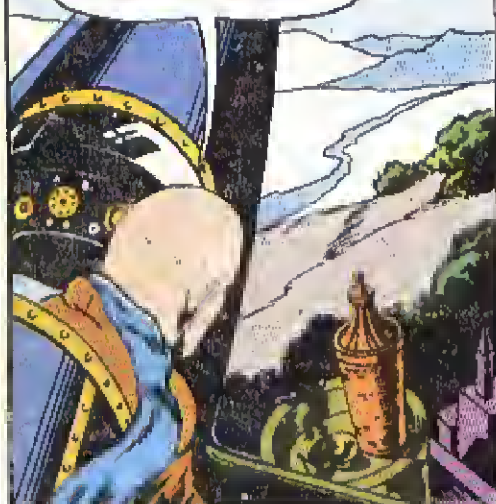


AS THE BALD EAGLE WINGS HOMEWARD,

AH! AN AIRPLANE SPOTTERS' HEADQUARTERS ON THAT BUILDING! THINK I'LL GIVE 'EM A LITTLE SCARE!



HEY! WHAT TH?.. LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE ASLEEP! I'D BETTER GET THE AIR RAID WARDENS TO WAKE 'EM UP!



ON LANDING, GATLING RACES TO THE NEAREST AIR WARDEN'S POST.

HMM! THERE'LL SURE BE A CLEAN-UP WHEN THE MAYOR HEARS THEY WERE ASLEEP..

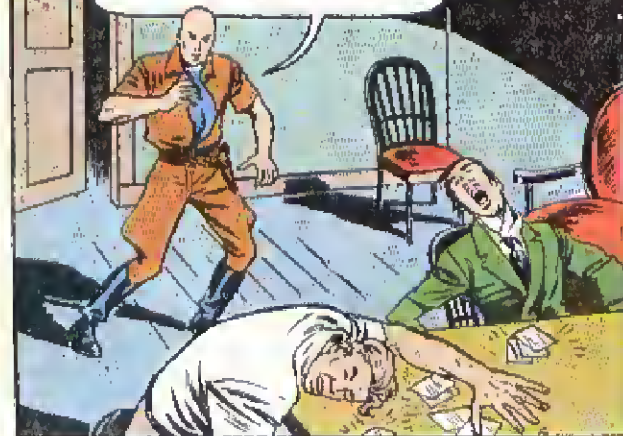
DEFENSE

HQ QTRS.
A.W.S.

BUY
BONDS

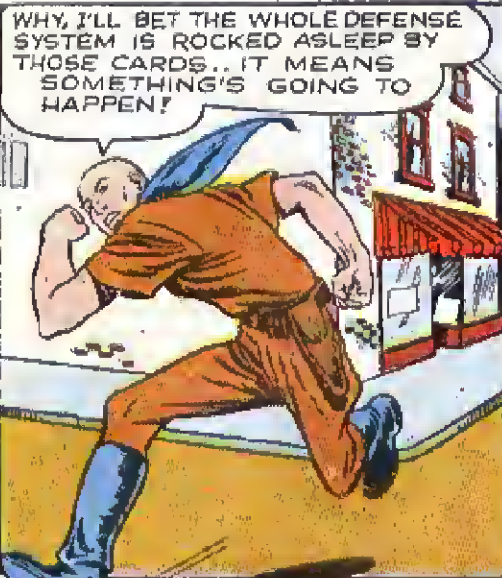


WELL, I'LL BE!.. EVEN THE WARDENS ARE ASLEEP! HMM, FUNNY SHINE ON THOSE CARDS..

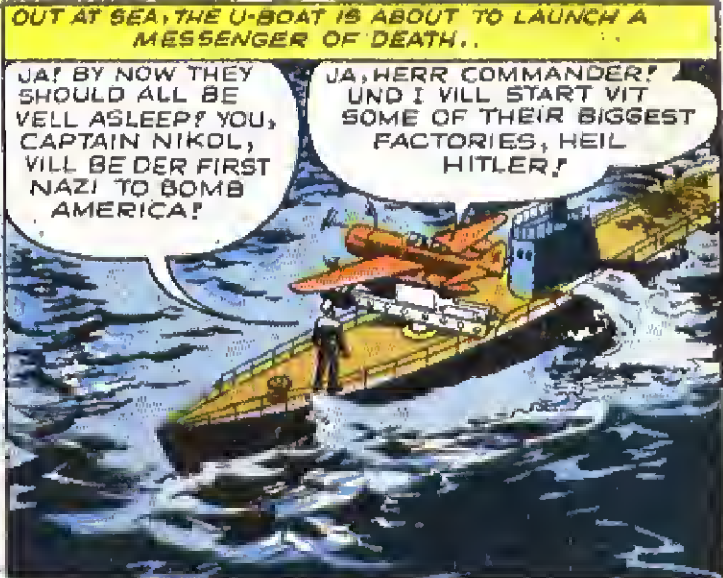


(SNIFF SNIFF) HMM.. I THINK THESE CARDS MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT...





WHY, I'LL BET THE WHOLE DEFENSE SYSTEM IS ROCKED ASLEEP BY THOSE CARDS.. IT MEANS SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN!



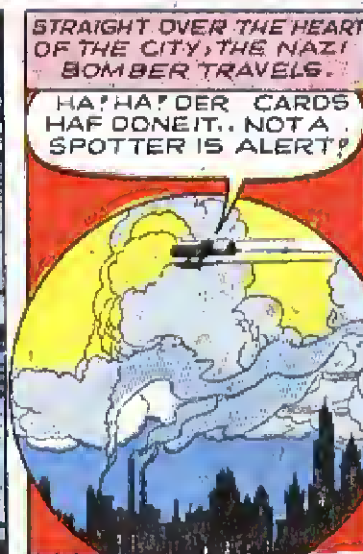
OUT AT SEA, THE U-BOAT IS ABOUT TO LAUNCH A MESSENGER OF DEATH..

JA! BY NOW THEY SHOULD ALL BE VELL ASLEEP! YOU, CAPTAIN NIKOL, VILL BE DER FIRST NAZI TO BOMB AMERICA!

JA, HERR COMMANDER! UND I VILL START VIT SOME OF THEIR BIGGEST FACTORIES, HEIL HITLER!



AT LAST THE STUPID AMERICANS VILL FEEL THE MIGHT OF THE FUEHRER! ONE PLANE NOW.. PERHAPS A THOUSAND LATER ON!



STRAIGHT OVER THE HEART OF THE CITY, THE NAZI BOMBER TRAVELS.

HA! HA! DER CARDS HAF DONE IT.. NOT A SPOTTER IS ALERT!



UND NOW, MY FIRST STICK OF BOMBS WRECK ONE OF AMERICA'S LARGEST TANK FACTORIES!



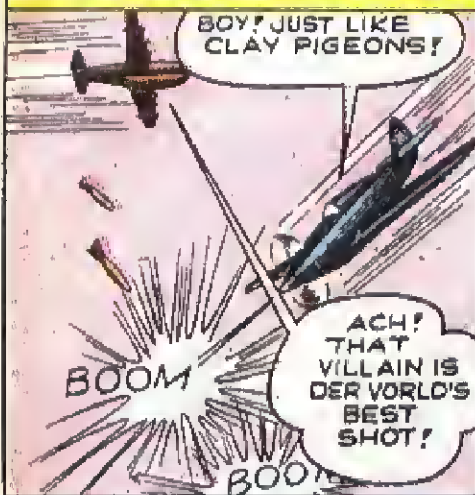
AS THE NAZI RELEASES HIS CARGO OF DEATH, THE FLYING COFFIN DROPS OUT OF THE SKY!

YOU SURPRISED EVERYONE BUT ME, FRITZ!

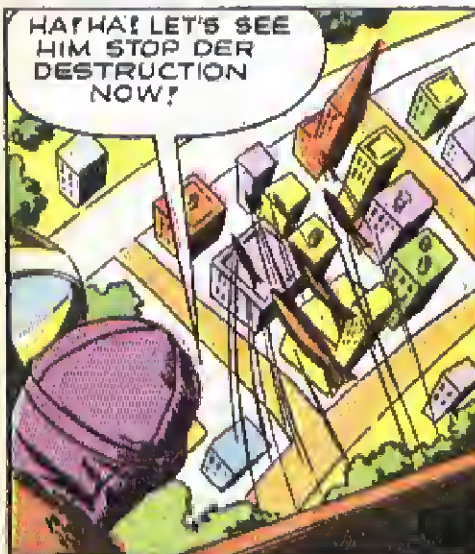


ACH HIMMEL! VOTS DOT? A BIRD OR A PLANE?

ON A SCREAMING POWER DIVE, THE
BALD EAGLE MACHINE-GUNS
THE BOMBS, EXPLODING THEM!



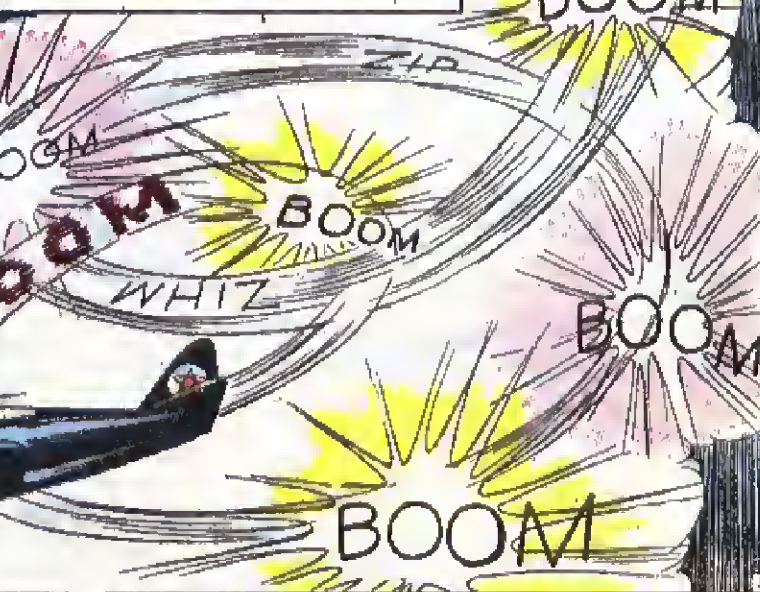
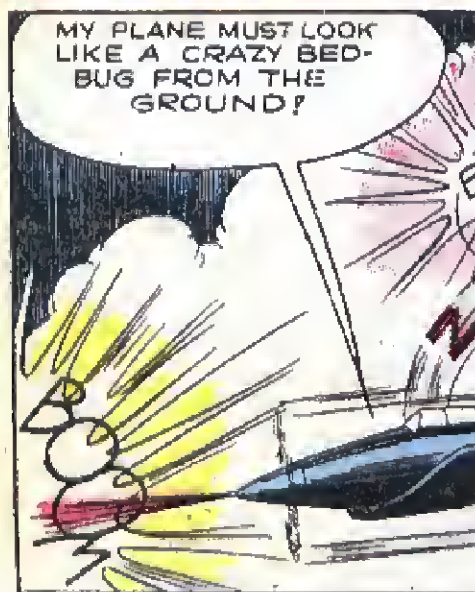
BUT I'LL FOOL DER PIG!
I'LL DROP EVERY
ONE OF MY BOMBS
AT ONCE!

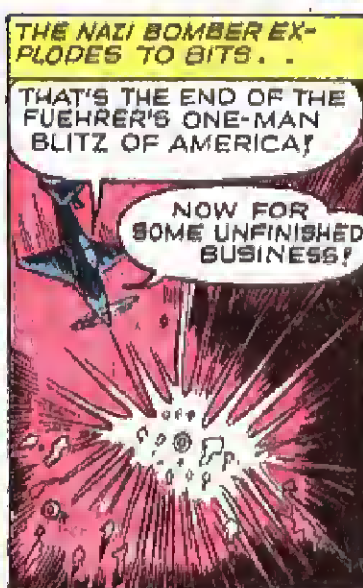
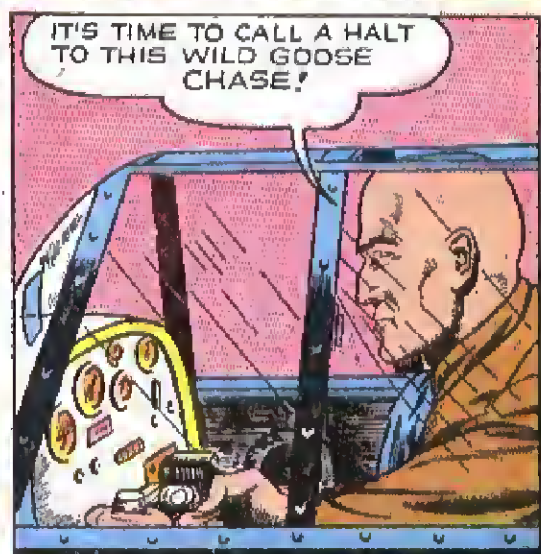
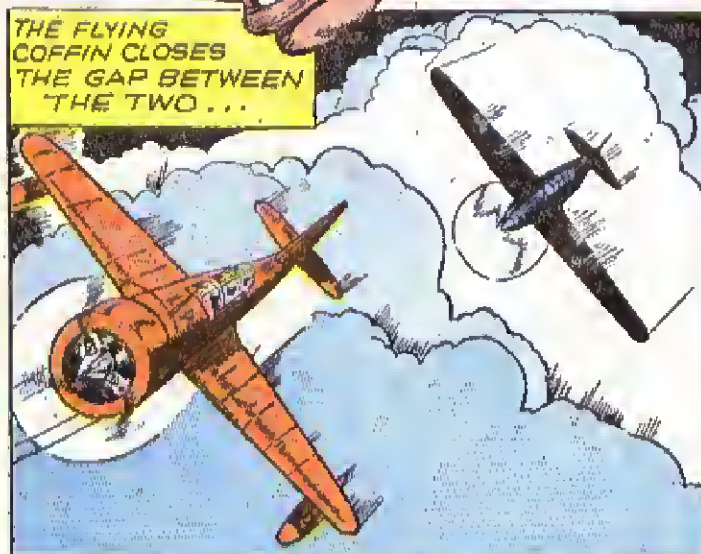
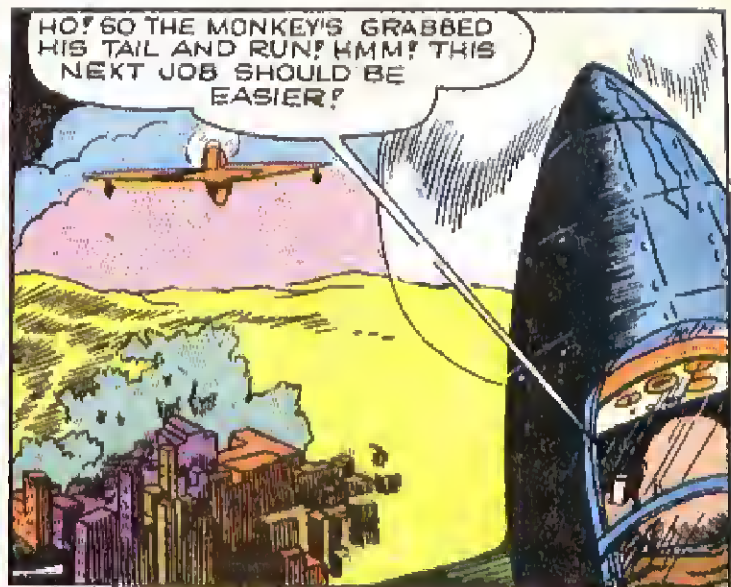


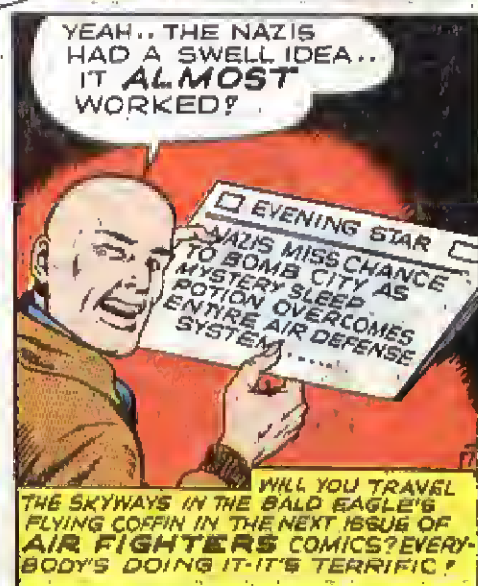
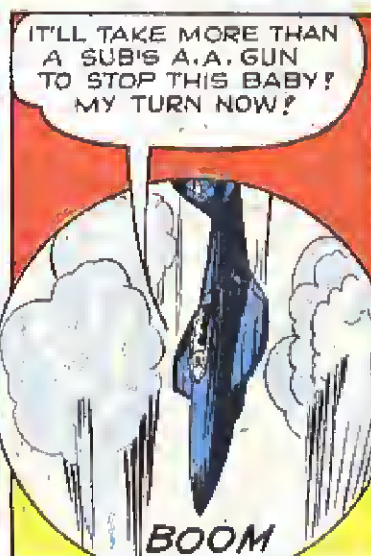
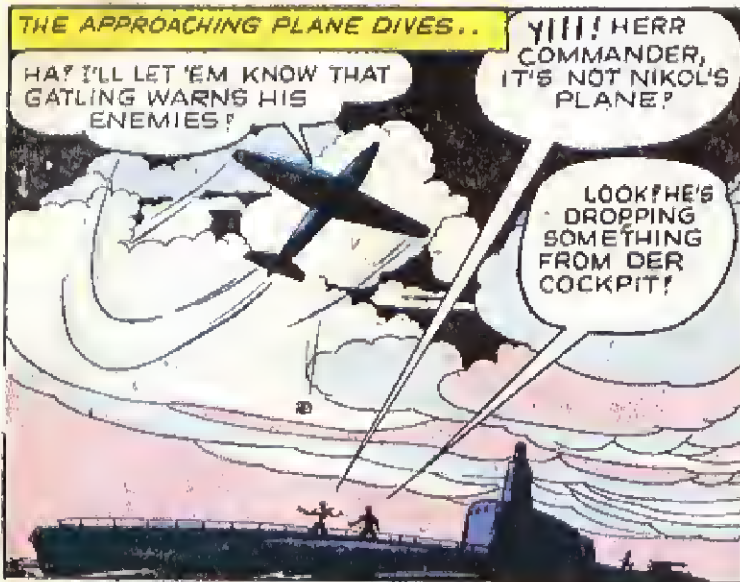
SO! THE RAT'S LAYING THEM
IN BUNCHES! OKAY,
SUCKER! WATCH THE
FLYING COFFIN LIVE
UP TO ITS NAME!



WITH THE SPEED OF
LIGHT, THE BALD
EAGLE DARTS
THROUGH THE SKIES,
... SCORING A BULL'S
EYE ON EVERY BOMB.







The BLACK ANGEL



A NEW NAZI MENACE
DESCENDS UPON GREAT
BRITAIN... GIANT
CREATURES OF THE
NIGHT STRIKE SWIFTLY
TO LEAVE A BLOODY
TRAIL OF DEATH...
BUT THE FEARLESS
**BLACK
ANGEL**
SMASHES THIS EERIE
FOE!

BLACK CLOUDS OF NIGHT
WRAP THEMSELVES ABOUT
BRITAIN... MANY SEARCHLIGHTS
PIERCE THE GLOOM. THE SILENT
VIGIL CONTINUES, UNTIL...

THIS IS A WARNING BULLETIN
TO ALL AIR DEFENSE STATIONS!...
A NAZI BOMBER HAS SLIPPED
THROUGH OUTER RING OF OUR
AIR DEFENSE...

AT AN OLD CASTLE IN FLEETWOOD, ENGLAND..

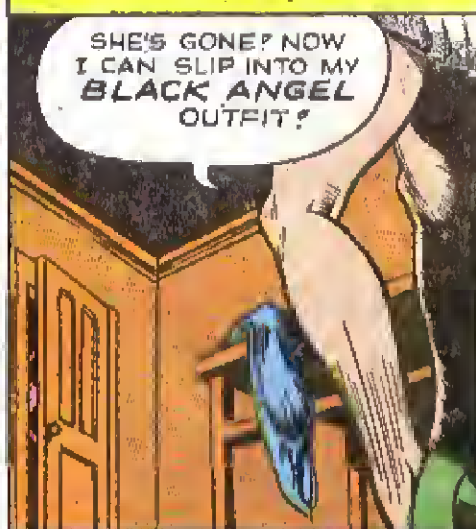
WHY, AUNTY, YOU'RE
IN DEFENSE UNIFORM..
WHAT'S HAPPENED?

A NAZI BOMBER
COMING INLAND..!
WE'RE ALL ORDERED
ON POST! STAY
INDOORS, CHILD,
AND YOU'LL BE
SAFE!



BUT SYLVIA MANNERS PLAYS A DUAL
ROLE!

SHE'S GONE? NOW
I CAN SLIP INTO MY
BLACK ANGEL
OUTFIT?



AND IN AN UNDERGROUND HANGAR ADJOINING THE CASTLE..

C'MON, BABY! WE'RE GOING TO SHOW THESE NAZI
NIGHT RAIDERS A NEW LANDING FIELD.. A
BRITISH GRAVEYARD?



THE **BLACK ANGEL** ZOOMS THROUGH
THE SKY, UNTIL..

AH! I SEE
THE WINGED
RAT TRAP!



ACH! BRITISH
FIGHTER PLANE..
DER GUN?
DER GUN?

JAWOHL!



BUT THE NAZIS HAVE NEVER
SEEN A FLIER LIKE THE
BLACK ANGEL.. SO..

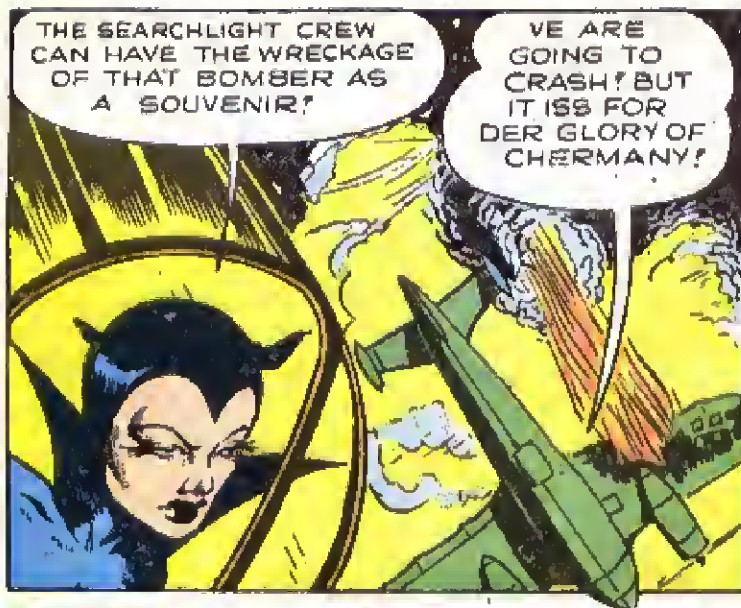
HIMMEL! MISSED?
ACH! VOT KIND
OF DEMON PILOTS
THAT PLANE!



PERFECT! I DUCKED
THEM AND GOT
THEIR RUDDER?

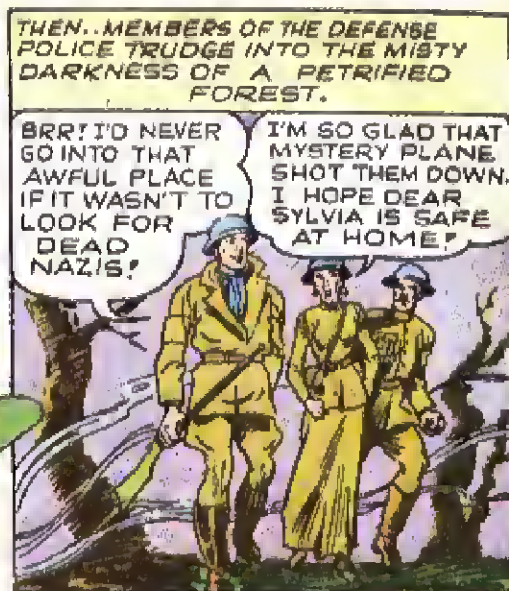
YII! OUR
RUDDER ISS
SMASHED!





THE SEARCHLIGHT CREW CAN HAVE THE WRECKAGE OF THAT BOMBER AS A SOUVENIR!

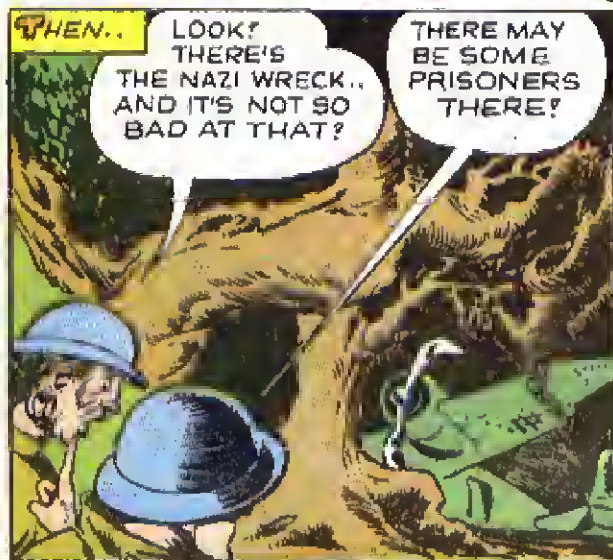
WE ARE GOING TO CRASH! BUT IT IS FOR DER GLORY OF CHERMANY!



THEN... MEMBERS OF THE DEFENSE POLICE TRUDGE INTO THE MISTY DARKNESS OF A PETRIFIED FOREST.

BRR! I'D NEVER GO INTO THAT AWFUL PLACE IF IT WASN'T TO LOOK FOR DEAD NAZIS!

I'M SO GLAD THAT MYSTERY PLANE SHOT THEM DOWN. I HOPE DEAR SYLVIA IS SAFE AT HOME!



THEN...

LOOK! THERE'S THE NAZI WRECK.. AND IT'S NOT SO BAD AT THAT?

THERE MAY BE SOME PRISONERS THERE!



EEK! LOOK! THEY'RE ALREADY TURNED INTO SKELETONS!!

UGG! THIS PETRIFIED FOREST ACTS FAST! AT LEAST THE KINGDOM WON'T HAVE TO FEED THESE!



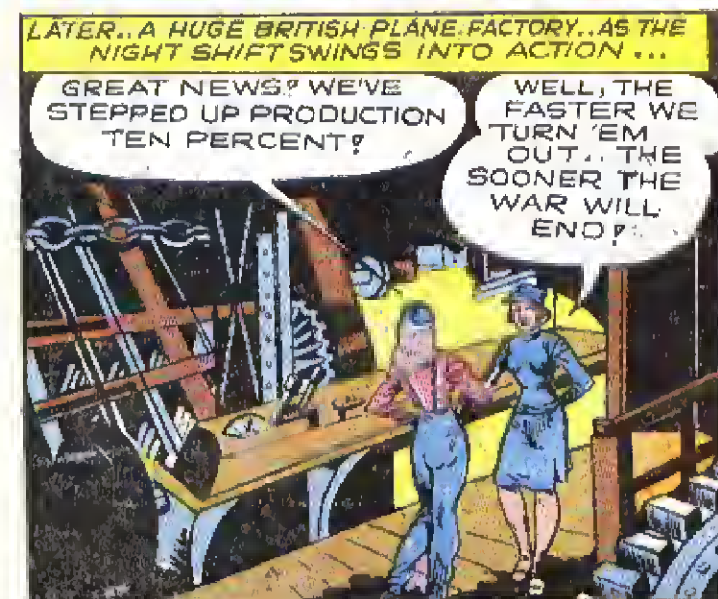
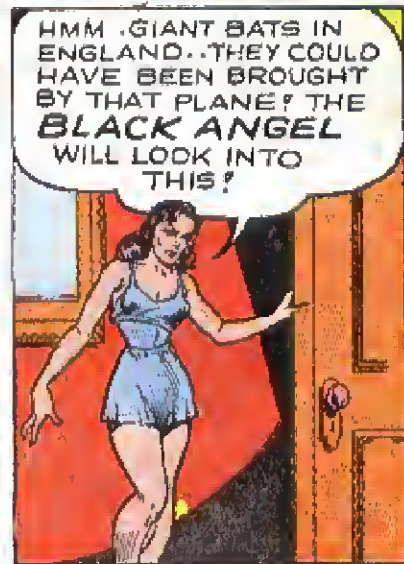
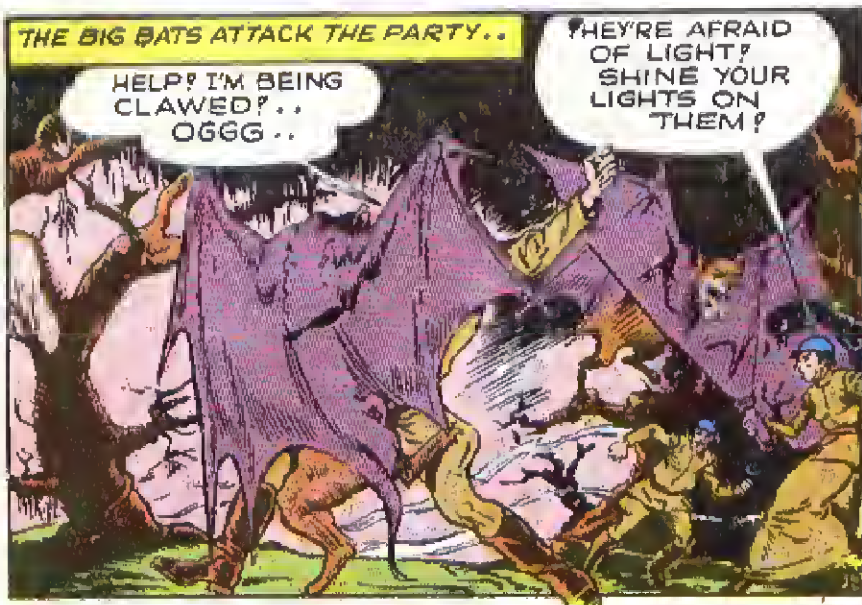
BUT.. FROM BEHIND ONE OF THE SKELETONS..

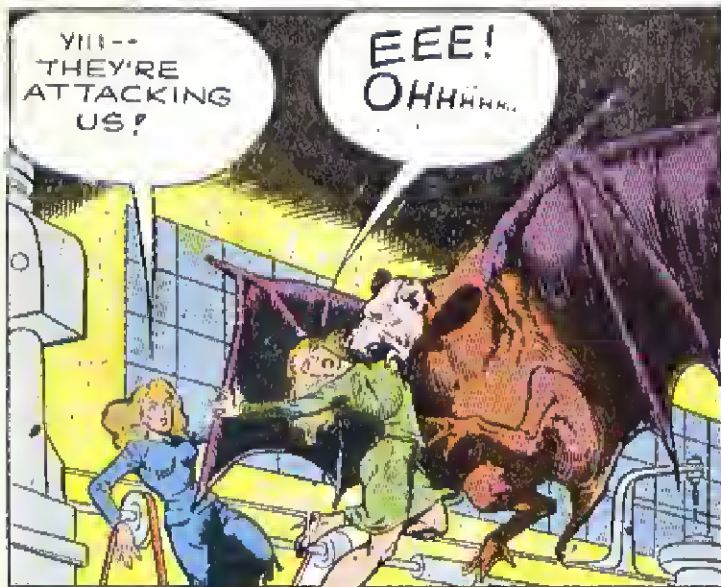
OHH! RUN! A GIANT BAT!!!



THEY MUST BE THE THINGS THAT MADE SKELETONS OF THE NAZIS!

HELP! HELP!





YIK--
THEY'RE
ATTACKING
US!

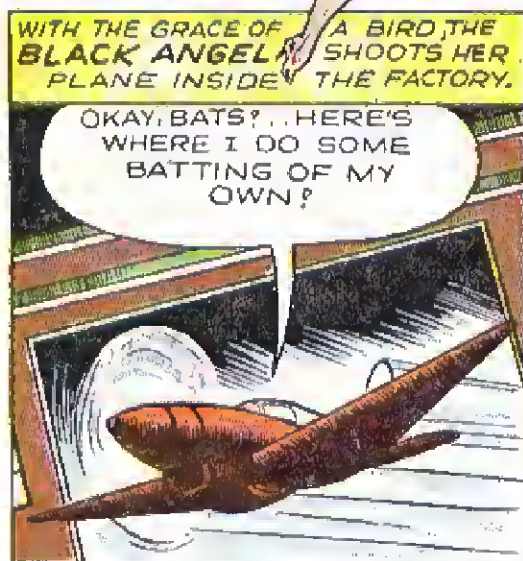
EEE!
OHHHHH...

AS THE PLANT IS THROWN INTO WILD
CONFUSION, A SPEEDY PLANE
HOVERS OVERHEAD...



SO! THE BATS
HAVE COME FOR
A PURPOSE!
WELL! WE'LL SEE
ABOUT THAT!

HELP!
GIANT BATS!
HELP!



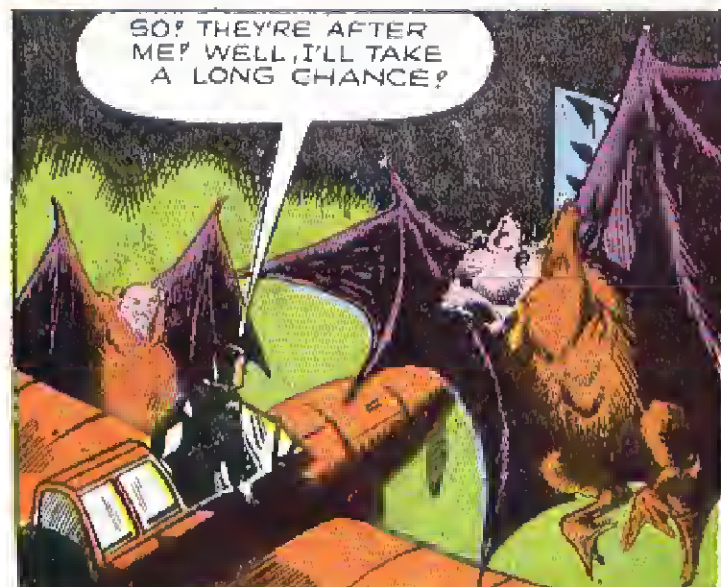
WITH THE GRACE OF A BIRD, THE
BLACK ANGEL SHOOT'S HER
PLANE INSIDE THE FACTORY.

OKAY, BATS? ... HERE'S
WHERE I DO SOME
BATTING OF MY
OWN!



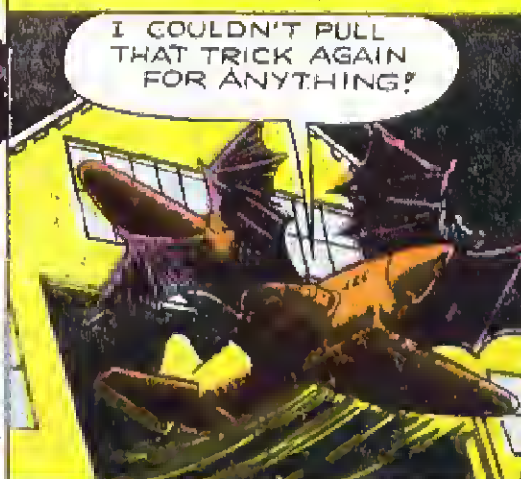
LOOK! IT'S
THE **BLACK**
ANGEL!

THE BATS
ARE LEAVING.
US TO ATTACK
HER!

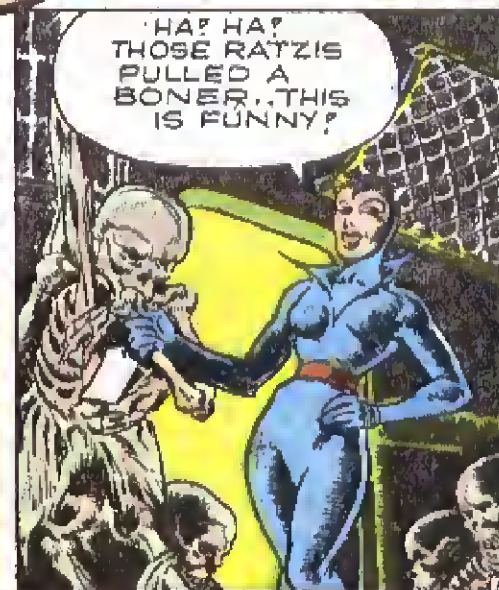
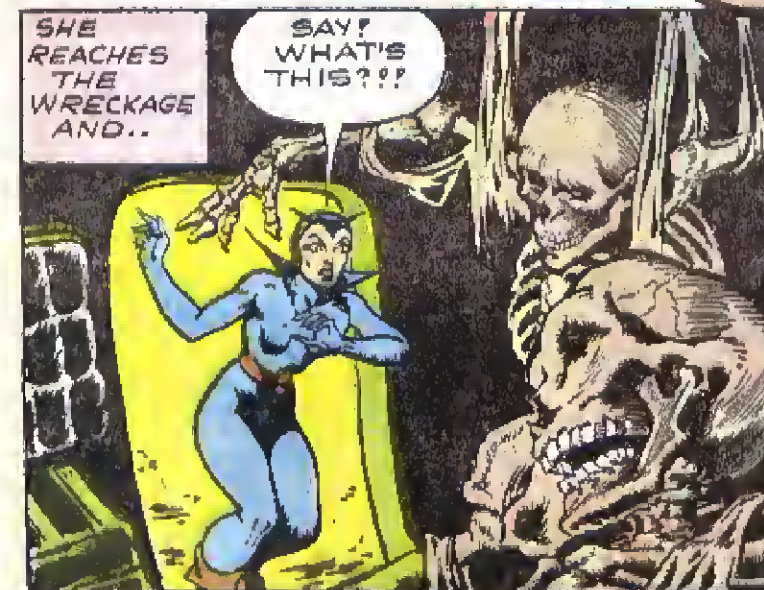


SO! THEY'RE AFTER
ME! WELL, I'LL TAKE
A LONG CHANCE!

WITH THE BATS CLINGING TO IT, THE
BLACK ANGEL SKILLFULLY
ZOOMS HER PLANE OUTSIDE
AGAIN!



I COULDN'T PULL
THAT TRICK AGAIN
FOR ANYTHING!

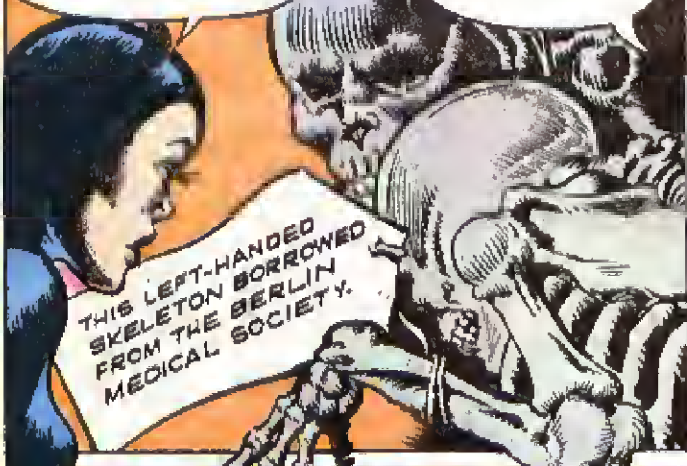


A TAG ON THE SKELETON'S HAND SHOWS..

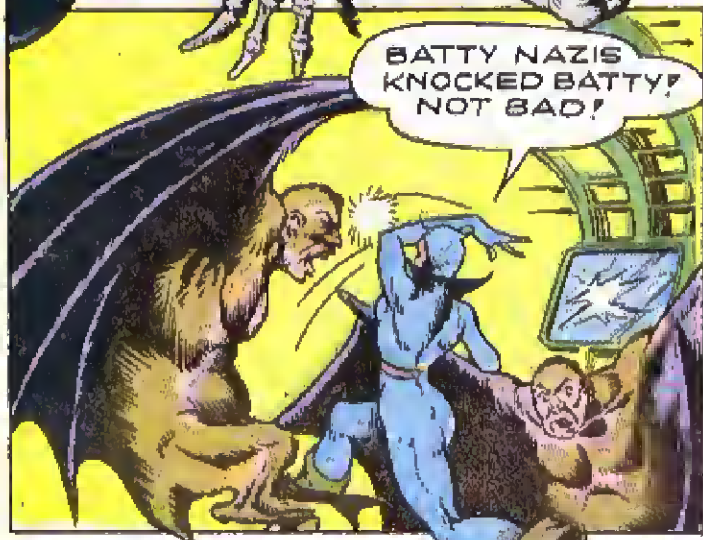
AH! THE NAZIS WHO WERE IN THIS BOMBER ARE STILL ALIVE?

JA? VE ARE **VERY ALIVE!**

THIS LEFT-HANDED SKELETON BORROWED FROM THE BERLIN MEDICAL SOCIETY.



BATTY NAZIS KNOCKED BATTY? NOT BAD!



YOU INTERRUPTED US TOO MANY TIMES... BUT THIS TIME VE GET RID OF YOU UND..

THAT'S WHAT **YOU** THINK?!



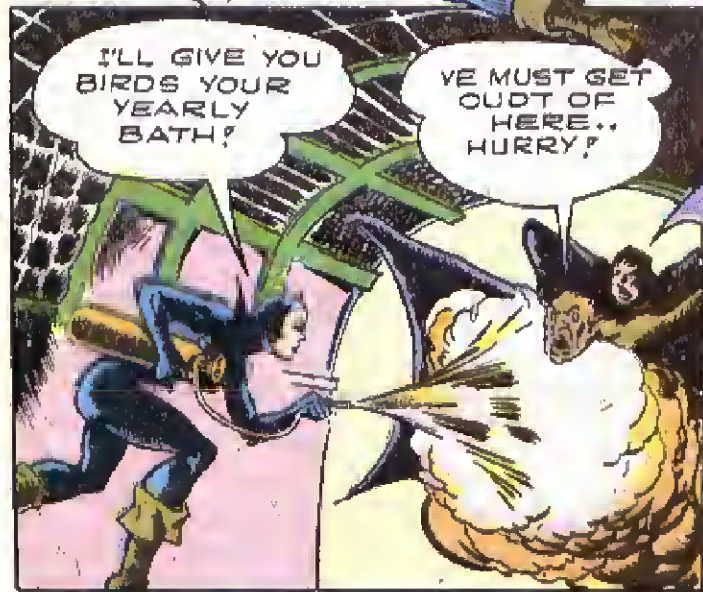
THE BLACK ANGEL GRABS A FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

LET'S SEE HOW THIS WORKS? IT MIGHT...



I'LL GIVE YOU BIRDS YOUR YEARLY BATH?

VE MUST GET OUT OF HERE.. HURRY!



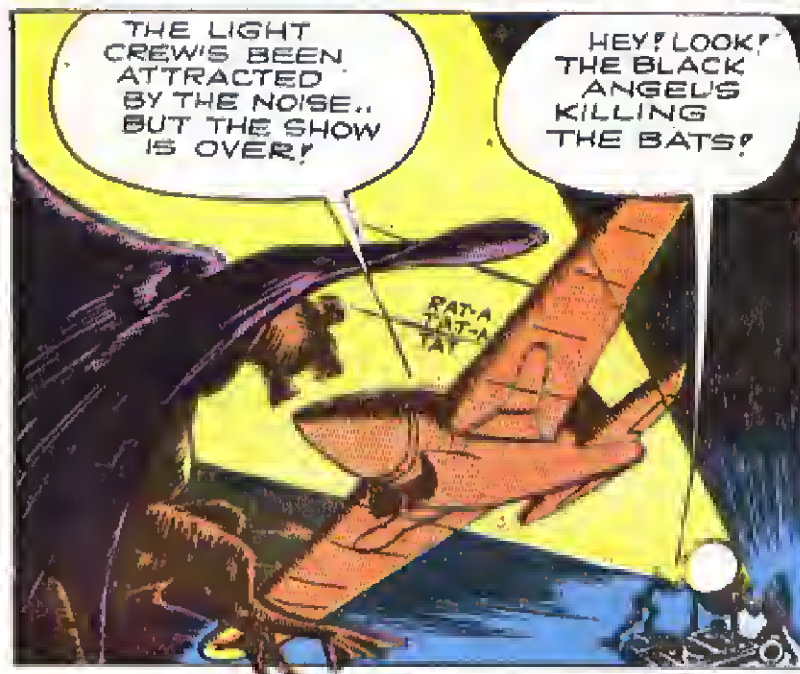
VE HAF DER BOMBS?

SO! BAT'S' HEADS ON THEM!! BUT THEY'D LOOK UGLY ENOUGH WITHOUT ANY DISGUISE ON THOSE FACES !!!





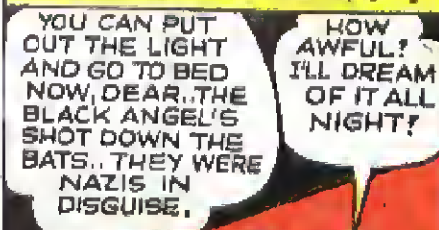
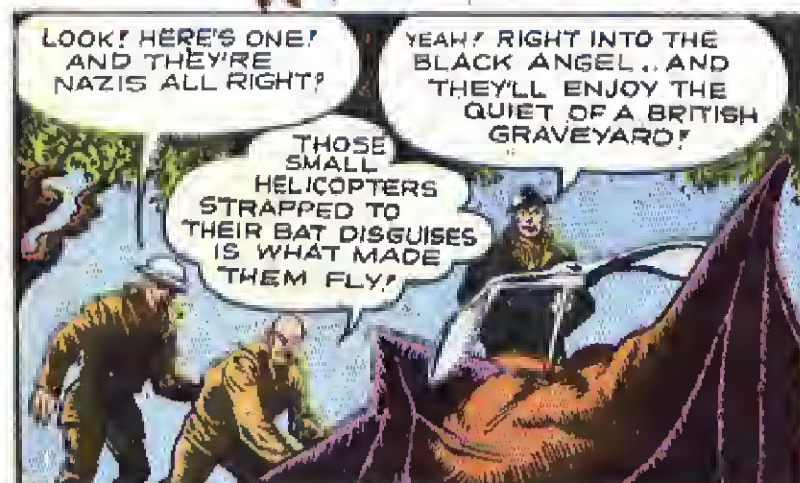
THE
FLYING
NAZIS
ARE
NOW
IN
THE
BLACK
ANGEL'S
SIGHTS.



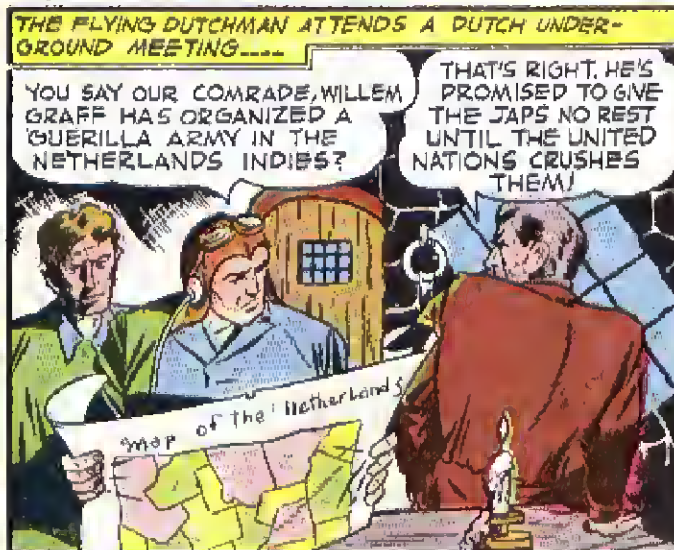
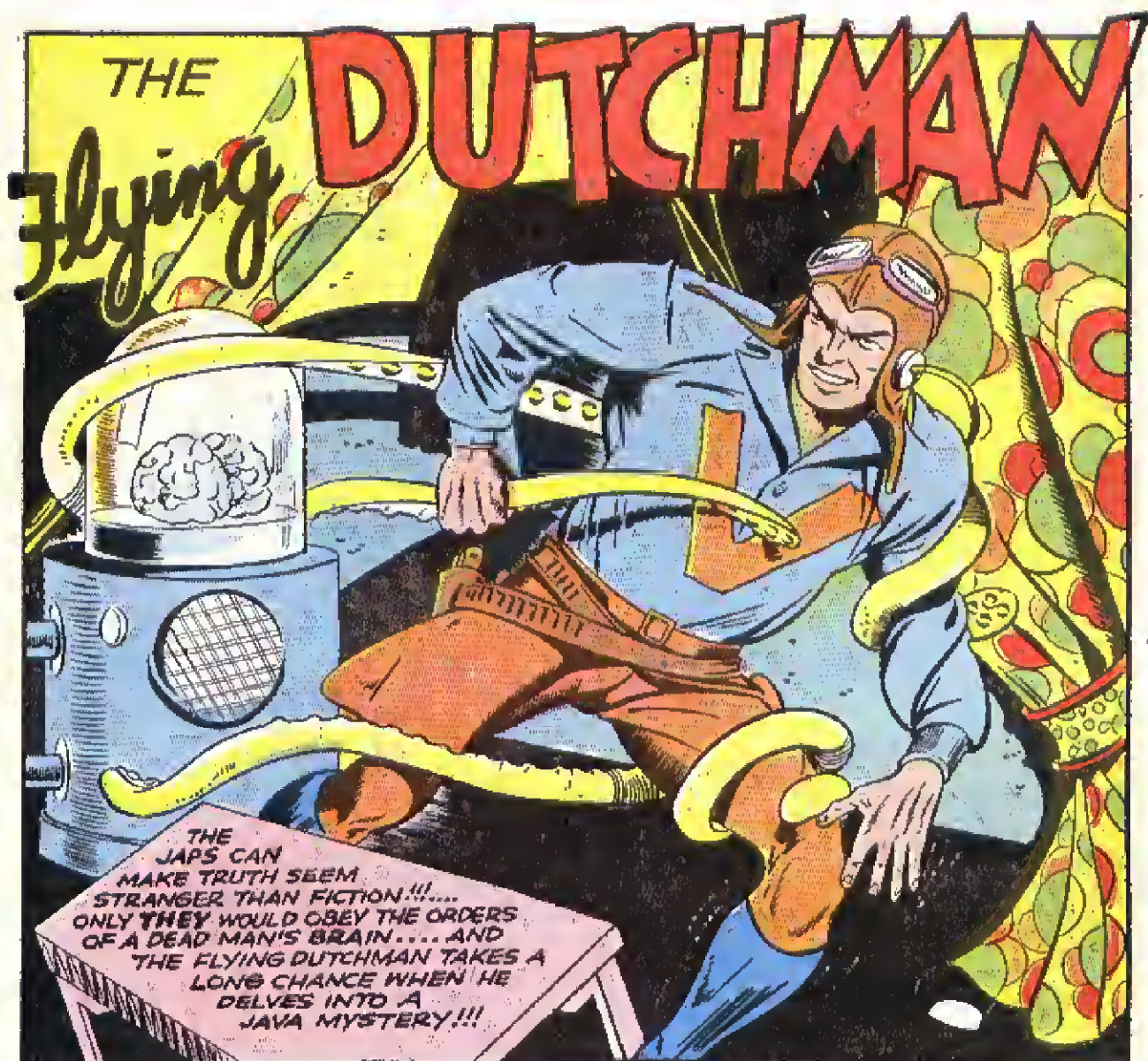
HEY! LOOK!
THE BLACK
ANGEL'S
KILLING
THE BATS?



SOON AFTER..THE BLACK ANGEL HAS RETURNED TO HER ROLE OF SYLVIA MANNERS..



THE BLACK ANGEL'S NAME IS POISON TO THE NAZIS.. AND YOU'LL AGAIN SEE WHY.. IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
AIR FIGHTERS COMICS



AS THE PUZZLED DUTCH WATCH GRAFF, THERE ARE THREE RAPS AT THE DOOR----

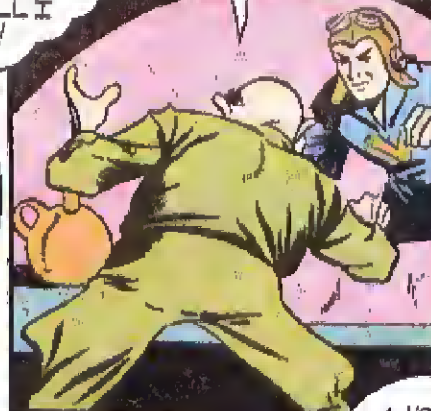


YOU'RE HYSTERICAL GRAFF! LET'S GET THINGS STRAIGHT. WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

I DON'T KNOW- I WAS COMING HERE--THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION AND IT ALMOST KILLED ME, THAT'S ALL I KNOW!

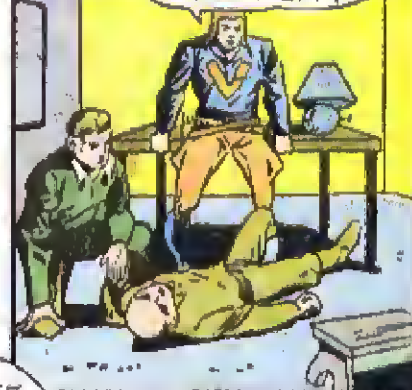


LISTEN...WE'LL NEVER WIN THE WAR UNTIL THE DEATHLESS BRAIN OF JAVA IS DESTROYED! OOOHHHHH...GASP!

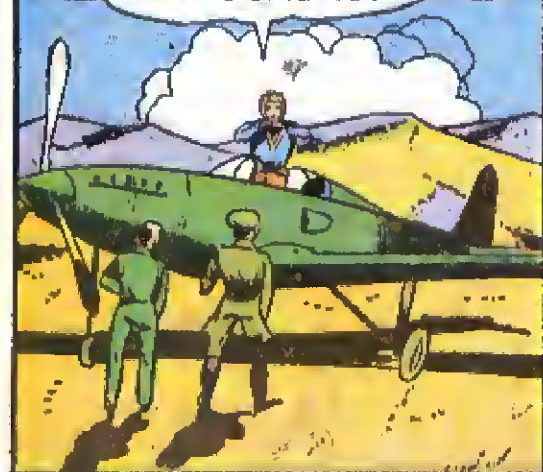


GRAFF'S DEAD, POOR CHAR.

YES... AND HIS COMING HERE WAS LUCKY FOR US... I'M GOING TO JAVA TO TAKE UP WHERE HE LEFT OFF!



WHILE I'M AWAY, ONE OF YOU HAD BETTER SLIP TO ENGLAND, REPORT THIS TO OUR DUTCH QUEEN---I THINK THIS IS SERIOUS!



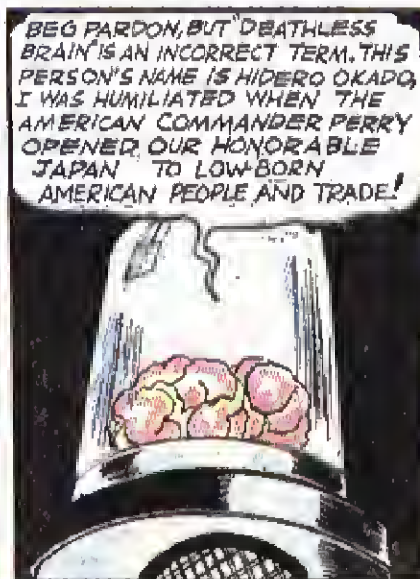
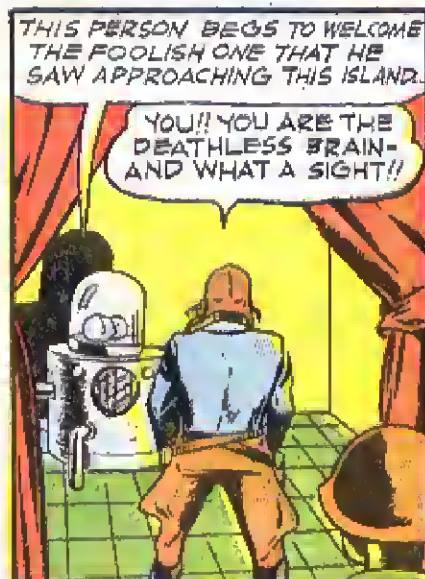
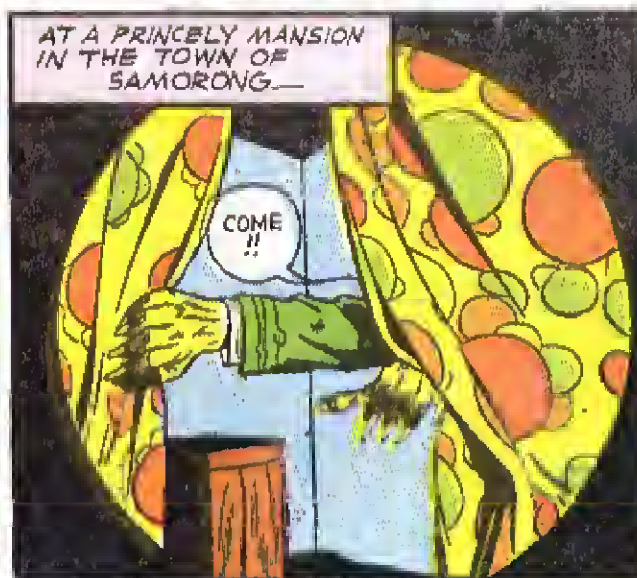
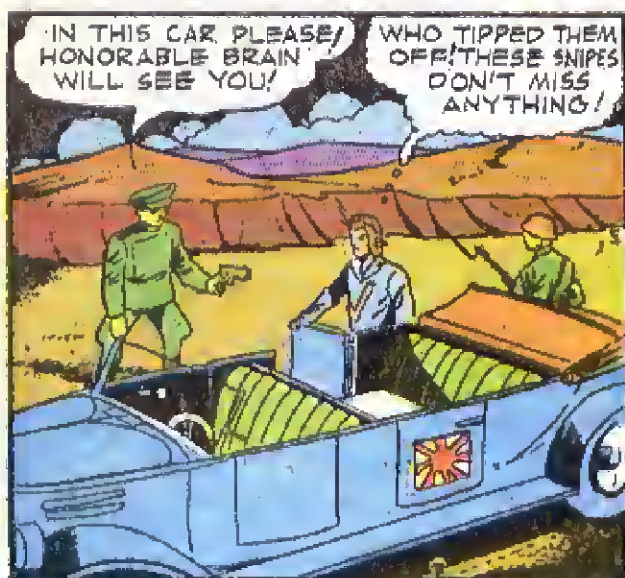
SOON AFTER.. THE FLYING DUTCHMAN IN HIS AIRACOBRA WINGS OVER JAVA!

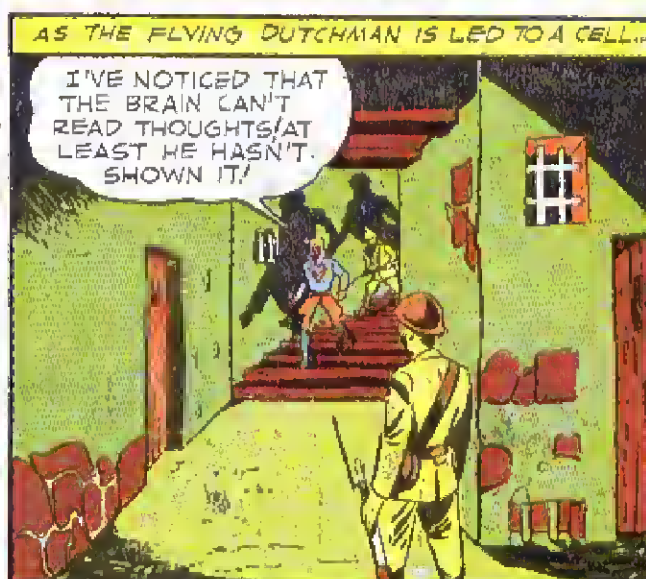
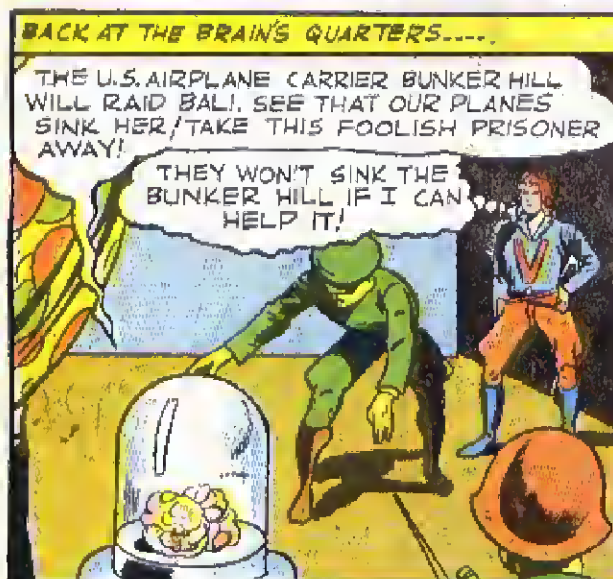
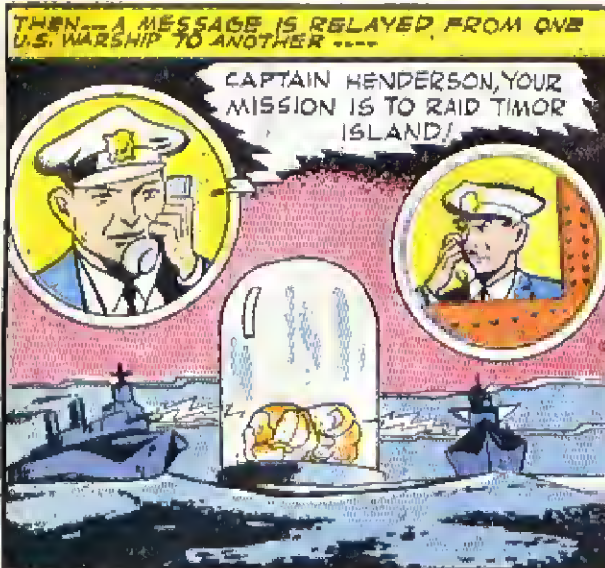


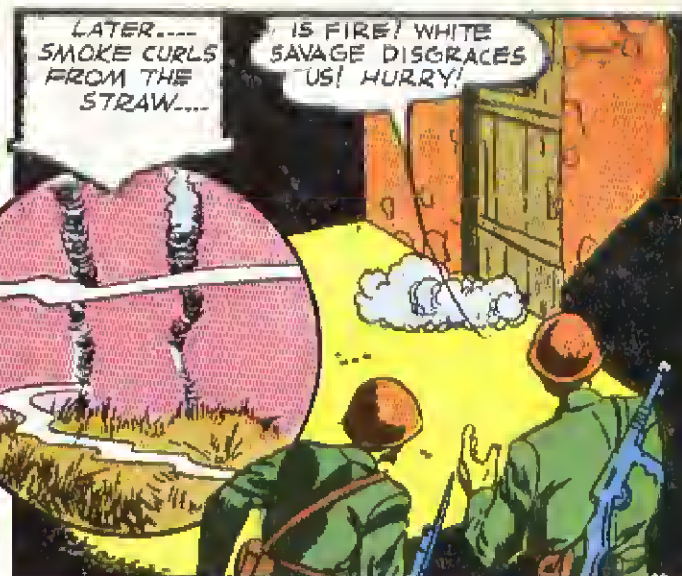
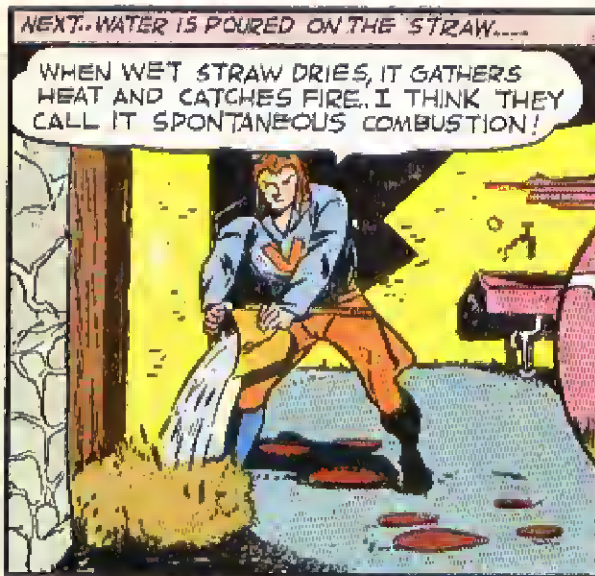
A VOICE COMES OVER HIS RADIO...

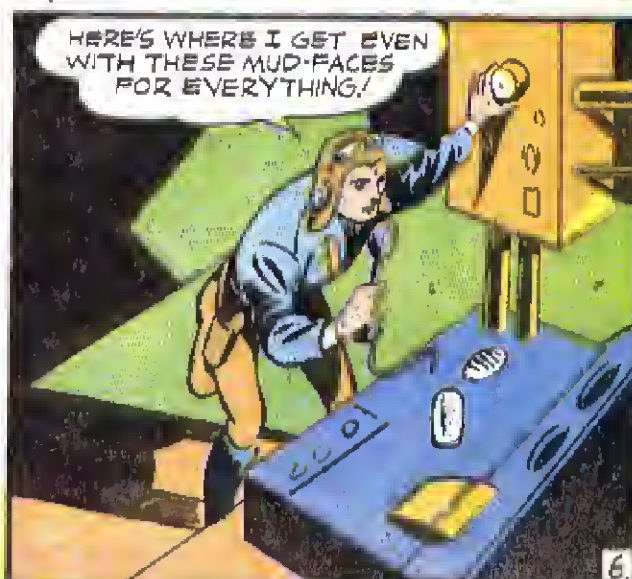
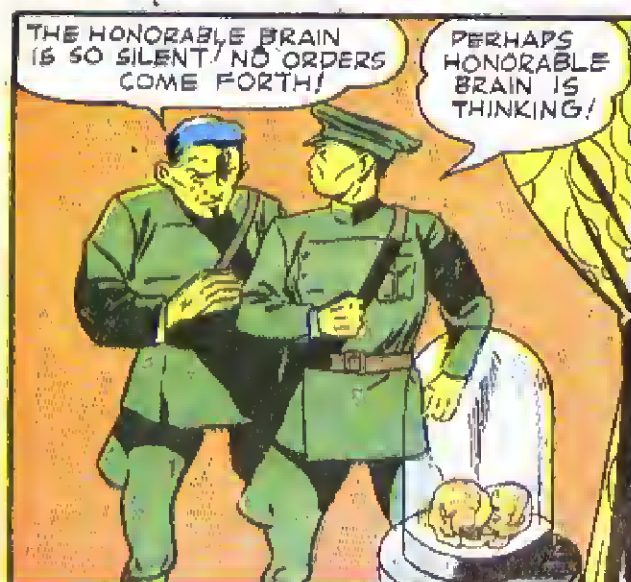
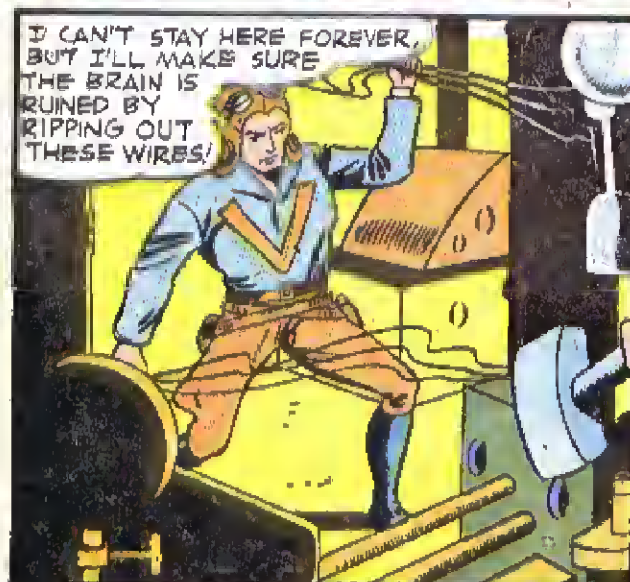
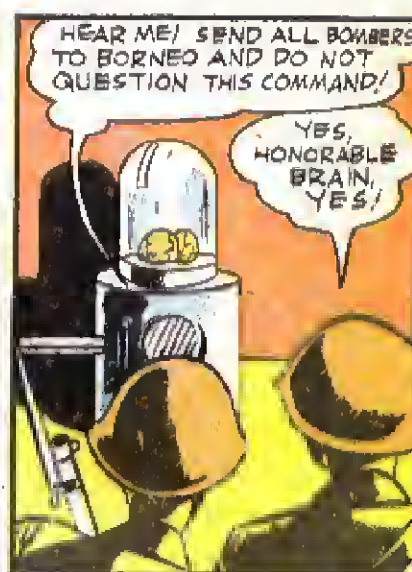
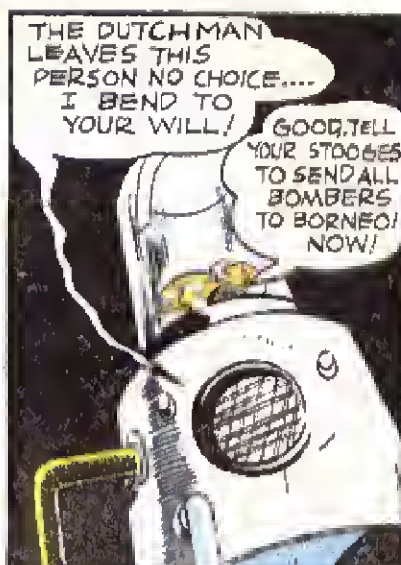
LAND IN MARKED FIELD 2 MILES SOUTHWEST OF SAMORONG-- WE'RE EXPECTING YOU!











SUDDENLY AN ORDER COMES FROM THE BRAIN'S LOUDSPEAKER----

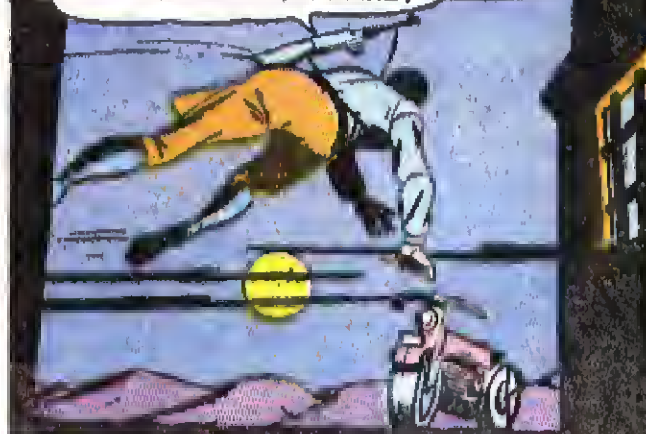
ATTENTION! ALL FIGHTER PLANES WILL TAKE OFF NOW... THE LEADER WILL LEAD SQUADRON... BUT HE'LL STAY A MILE AHEAD OF FORMATION....

AH! I KNEW IMPORTANT COMMAND WAS FORTHCOMING!

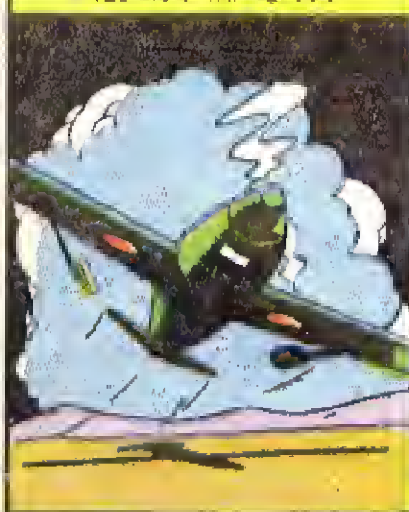


LEAPING FROM A WINDOW, THE FLYING DUTCHMAN DASHES TO A MOTORCYCLE----

THIS COULDN'T HAVE BEEN HANDIER! NOW FOR MY PLANE!



MINUTES LATER THE SPEEDY AIRACOBRA TAKES OFF----



THEN, DIVING FROM A CLOUD-BANK ONTO A ZERO FIGHTER--

AH! THE JAP LEADER! HE'S WALKED RIGHT INTO MY TRAP!



THE AIRACOBRA'S GLIMS BLAZE AND THE ZERO FALLS AN EASY VICTIM----

IF THAT ZERO 'CARRIED ARMOR I'D HAVE A TOUGHER TIME!

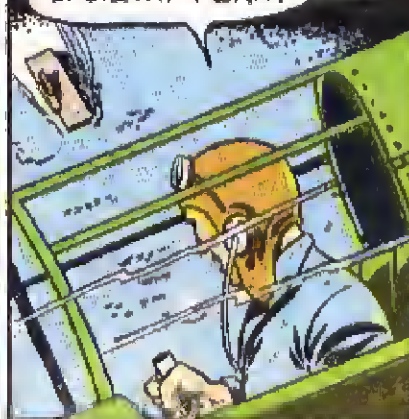


HA! HA! THESE NIPPERS THINK I'M THEIR LEADER! THEY'RE FOLLOWING ME LIKE BLIND MICE!

SEE! OUR LEADER HAS ALREADY SHOT DOWN SOME FOOL!

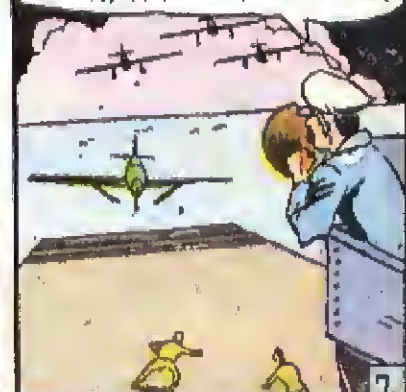


HMM... THERE'S THE U.S. AIRPLANE CARRIER BUNKER HILL, JUST AS I FIGURED! HOPE THEIR FIGHTERS ARE NOT IN THE AIR, OR IT'LL SPOIL MY PLAN!



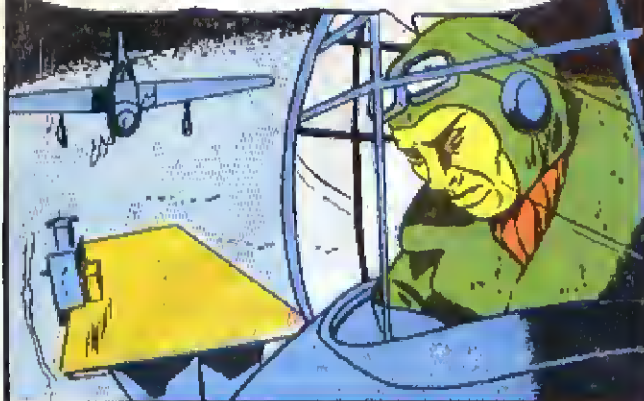
ON THE BUNKER HILL'S BRIDGE

WHAT TH? THERE'S AN AIRACOBRA COMING IN! AND A WHOLE FLIGHT OF JAP ZERO'S FOLLOWING HIM DOWN! MAN YOUR STATIONS!



AS THE JAPS APPROACH THE CARRIER....

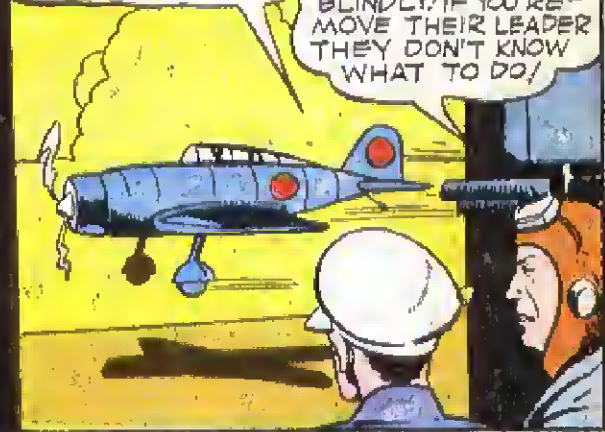
THIS PERSON IS BEWILDERED! BUT WE MUST NOT QUESTION SUPERIOR'S ORDERS, OUR SQUADRON LANDS ON AMERICAN SHIP— WE HAVE PROBABLY CAPTURED IT!



AS THE FLYING DUTCHMAN AND OFFICERS WATCH THE JAPS LAND....

INCREDIBLE! I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!

HA/HA/JAPS FOLLOW THEIR LEADERS BLINDLY/IF YOU REMOVE THEIR LEADER THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!



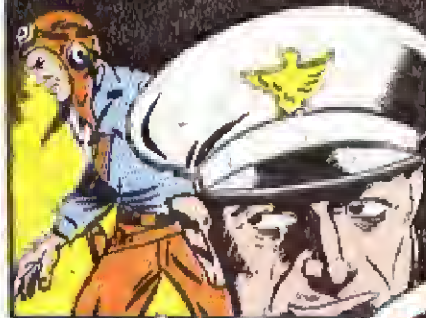
YOU'RE GOING TO RAID BALI? LISTEN, IT'S A TRAP! BUT I'LL LEAD YOUR DIVE BOMBERS TO A TARGET THAT'S RESPONSIBLE FOR SABOTAGING YOUR MESSAGES!

YOU AMAZE ME!



I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT LATER, HAVE CONFIDENCE IN ME!

WELL...I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU, FLYING DUTCHMAN, AND I'VE SEEN THIS MIRACLE... OK! YOU CAN LEAD THE FLIGHT!



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN LEADS THE U.S. DIVE BOMBERS TO JAVA.

THE TARGET'S A MANSION IN SAMORONG. IT HOLDS THE DEADLIEST WEAPON IN THE WORLD!

OKAY! SHOW US THE TARGET!



THE HELLDIVERS UNLEASH THEIR FULL FURY ON THE BRAIN'S MANSION!

SMACK'EM BOYS! DON'T EVEN LEAVE THE 'X' THAT MARKS THE SPOT!



AND, SO COMES THE END OF THE JAPS' DEATHLESS BRAIN, BUT EVENTS OF NEW TERROR CHALLENGE THE FLYING DUTCHMAN. IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF AIR FIGHTERS COMICS!